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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY COMMENTARY

"LET US WIN THROUGH TOGETHER"

THE Socialist Party's Declaration just published under this title must be the most studied insult to the intelligence of a free people ever offered by a constitutionally elected government. The Socialist Party claims to know the mind of the people better than their opponents. Be that as it may, after issuing this document they can never again claim to have any respect for it.

We have more faith in our fellow countrymen. We believe that they are fully aware that we have been able to maintain our war-time standard of living (not a very great achievement, incidentally), and our war-time level of employment solely because we have not had to pay for anything like the whole of our food and our raw materials, vast quantities of both having been provided free by the generosity of the peoples of the North American Continent. But if the Socialists are right in thinking it good electioneering to claim, as the result of their own policies, what is manifestly the result of Marshall aid, then they stand condemned for misleading the people on a vital issue. "*The Labour Government has ensured full employment.*" It is a lie, and in saying that full employment is "*the main achievement*" of their Government, the Socialist Party are declaring themselves political bankrupts, for they are making a public confession that the one memorable feature of their term of office is something for which they have no right whatever to claim the credit. "Mr. Smith, I believe," said an ignoramus, mistakenly claiming acquaintance with the Great Duke of Wellington on a station platform. "Sir," replied the Duke, "a man who will believe that will believe anything." That, evidently, is Mr. Attlee's view of the mental state of the electorate after five years of Socialist Government.

SCARCELY less disingenuous are the assurances given that, in order to maintain full employment, the Socialist Party, if returned to power, will not hesitate, if necessary, to expand purchasing power. They do not promise higher wages but they hold out the hope of them, while at the same time they urge the need for lower production costs and a greater volume of production. On this point, the Socialists take the full credit for the expansion of our export trade, which is in fact the achievement of the private enterprise system which they wish to destroy, and which they have consistently handicapped by penal taxation.

The gravest indictment against the present Government lies precisely here, that after five years when our standard of life has been maintained solely by means of vast gifts of food and raw materials from overseas, we find our economy not strengthened but gravely weakened. The purchasing power of

the £ abroad is nearly halved, the capital reserves of our production industries are depleted, and little progress has been made with capital re-equipment. The task of bridging the gap between what we wish to consume and what we can afford to pay for remains unfulfilled. The efforts of private enterprise have increased our exports, but the gross mismanagement of our finances by the Government has decreased their hard-currency value. The result of five years of Socialist misrule cannot be better summarized than in the one completely truthful statement in the Socialist Party's declaration.

"Unless we continue to increase production we cannot improve or even maintain our present standard of life."

HOW are we to increase the exchange value of our production, and that is what is vital, without a longer working day, or, alternatively without diminished taxation (leaving more money in industry to enable industry to improve its capital equipment), and without a change in our financial policy which will re-validate our currency? These questions are unanswered by the Socialists. The electorate will supply the answer.

MR. ATTLEE and his advisers again insult the public intelligence by repeating the old lies about years of Tory misgovernment before the war. The hideous tragedy of unemployment was due largely to the refusal of the Liberal and Labour leaders to meet the collapse of the European market, and the consequent collapse of the free trade economy, by the adoption of protection. When the Tory Party asked for a mandate for tariffs and imperial preferences after the last war they were voted out of office by a Liberal-Labour majority. Not until the complete collapse of our economy, under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's second Socialist administration, was the electorate brought to its senses. From that moment recovery began, and continued unbroken until 1939. Terrible harm had been done, however, to our internal economy, in the intervening years, owing to the purblind obstinacy, not to say stupidity, of the Liberal and Labour leaders in refusing to face the facts of the post-war world. On them at least, if not on them alone, lies the burden of guilt. If the Socialists have at last learnt wisdom on this tariff issue, if on no other, they have learnt it from the Tory Party. Until, however, they are prepared to go back to the same schoolmaster and learn the A B C of public finance and administration, there will be no security for the livelihood of anyone in this country.

IT is always wiser in a political argument to rely on hard facts rather than on words. At the beginning of the first year of peace Consols were at 92. To-day they are well below 80. The £ sterling was worth four dollars; to-day the official rate is two dollars eighty cents and already the free market rate in New York is below two dollars and a half, *a depreciation of nearly* 11 *per cent since devaluation*. Investors in Dr. Dalton's famous 2½ per cent stock have lost almost a third of there capital in three years. Nevertheless, Dr. Dalton remains an honoured member of the administration, one of the most prominent of those policy makers who are about to ask the electorate to say that they and they alone possess the financial skill and experience necessary to bring the country back to solvency. The financial credit of this country stands to-day gravely impaired and the return of the Socialist Party to power will impair it still further. It is no kindness to our long-suffering people to conceal this fact from them. Everything that they have fought and worked for throughout the last ten years is in jeopardy, and, not least, the whole structure of the social services built up by successive Conservative and National administrations. Even if there were a word of truth in the claim of the Socialist Party to have created and originated these services, it

would still be true to say that their continuance cannot be assured if the Socialist Party is returned to office. Their continuance is wholly conditional on the restoration of our credit overseas and the restoration of the purchasing power of the £ sterling in the world's markets. The last four years have shown that neither conditions can be fulfilled under the present Socialist leadership.

THE mere act of publishing such a document as "Let us Win Through Together" is a real threat to British credit abroad. Whether we like it or not, this document is put out, in fact if not in form, by His Majesty's Government. It is not the *jeu d'esprit* of enthusiastic undergraduates. It reflects either the ignorance of H.M. Ministers, or their firm conviction of the ignorance of the electorate. "*Labour moves towards a property owning democracy.*" What must the world think of a Government which confuses socialism with property owning. The essence of property lies, as everyone knows, not in use but in ownership. If the State takes my property from me, in the belief that it can manage it better than I can, and offers me in return a parcel of government stock, it is offering me an income in exchange for my property. As a holder of government stock I own nothing but a piece of paper on which is inscribed a promise to pay. That is not property. Mr. Attlee and his friends are entitled to their view that if I own a sugar refinery or a cement works, I, and everyone else, will be better off if they take it away from me by force and give me, in exchange, some government stock, but they are not entitled to say that that is anything but a denial of my right to own property of a certain kind. And as that denial is extended by the progressive extension of nationalization, so it becomes ever nearer to an absolute denial of the right to own anything. In other words, socialism is, by its nature and definition, not a move towards but a succession of moves away from a property owning democracy.

THE height of misstatement is reached when Mr. Attlee and his friends say that they will "*move forward until every family has its own separate home*". Before a family can describe a home as "*its own*" it must own it, but the Socialist policy is to build council houses to be handed out at a rental to arbitrarily selected tenants and to discourage, and often to forbid, the building of houses to be owned by the occupier. The Conservative ideal, often proclaimed, is that every citizen should be able to own his own house and the Socialist policy is the exact opposite. What can the world think of a Government which is either unable correctly to describe its own policy or which deliberately misdescribes it?

THERE are other equally astonishing statements and misstatements on the page headed Victories of Peace, which opens the Socialist Party's declaration. Here are three of them: "*Poor Law abolished,*" "*Family Allowances introduced,*" "*School-leaving age raised.*"

The poor Law was, of course, abolished before the war. The Family Allowances Act was introduced and passed by Mr. Churchill's Conservative administration in 1945, and the School-leaving Age was raised under the provisions of Mr. Butler's Education Act passed by Mr. Churchill's National Government. It is, of course, technically correct to say that the executive steps necessary to give effect to the particular provisions of their two Acts were taken by Mr. Attlee's administration. But is that the purpose of the references? Clearly not. Their purpose is to suggest to the electorate that these measures are the result of Socialist initiative. "Can these Conservatives be trusted to safeguard the welfare of the sick, the poor, and the old?" the Socialists ask. It would be more relevant to ask the question about the Socialists, who, when they were in power as well as office from 1929 to 1931, never thought of introducing either children's allowances or free secondary education.

THAT the Socialist Party should come before the electorate as the begetter of the Social services, none of which they initiated, is a striking demonstration of the poverty and unpopularity of their only distinctive achievements in the sphere of legislation, which are the different nationalization Acts. They rightly consider that the Beveridge plan, Mr. Butler's Education Act and Mr. Winston Churchill's measure providing for family allowances make a stronger appeal to the electorate, as far as past achievements go, so they quietly appropriate them to themselves.

After this, it is perhaps hardly remarkable that the Socialist Government claim credit for the fall in infantile mortality which has been falling uninterruptedly decade by decade since 1870, or that they ascribe it to socialism that the children of to-day are brighter than they were in the war years when the bombs were falling round them.

THIS rubbish has its amusing side, of course. Silly things, moreover, are said in the course of every election. What is remarkable about this "Declaration of Labour Policy" is that it deliberately refuses to face the two very grave realities of our present situation, the first, that we are bankrupt, and the second, that we have failed so far to organize any effective system of defence, economic, political or military, in Western Europe against the instant menace of Russian aggression. No one reading this declaration by itself could imagine for a moment that the whole civilization of the West was in deadly peril. The sort of problem that it proposes to us is whether the Butler Act will really be safe in the hands of Mr. Butler, and whether infantile mortality would really continue to fall if Mr. Walter Elliott succeeded Mr. Aneurin Bevan as Minister of Health. The only brusque reference to the menacing situation that faces us in Europe and Asia is the strange claim that millions of people in Africa and Asia all rejoice that we have a Socialist Government. We have no evidence of the fact, but if it be one, it is certainly offset by the fact that great majorities in Australia and New Zealand and the whole North American Continent lack any confidence at all in the Socialist approach to economic reconstruction, military security, and anti-communist solidarity, and that the whole Moslem world is bitterly distrustful of Socialist foreign policy.

MR. ATTLEE claims that his Government has regained for Britain her moral position in the Western world. It is unfortunately much truer to say that the position regained by this country under Mr. Churchill's leadership has been lost again during the last four years. This is partly because it is becoming increasingly recognized that bourgeois socialism is not a bulwark against but a back door leading quickly to Communism; partly it is due to the even more disagreeable fact that the Government has in fact shown a deplorable lack of leadership both at home and abroad. It was very necessary in the interests of social justice in the last century to ensure by systematic social reforms that a greater share of the national wealth should accrue to the working class. It is the great misfortune of the present age that, in wholly different circumstances, the Socialist Party in this country still thinks that the essence of morality consists in high taxation regardless of its effects either on those who pay the taxes (and all taxes fall on the last resort as productive enterprise) or on those who receive the proceeds of this taxation. In the same easy way, happiness and the good life have come to be associated by Socialists not with the efficient performance of socially useful functions but with leisure and increased consumption, neither of which, in themselves, are any service at all to the community. As a result the really great efforts towards recovery made by the generality of people have been largely frittered away. Far too little has been spent on capital re-equipment and far too much on non-essentials for consumption. The spectacle has not impressed the world.

The world will be very wrong if it takes the true spirit of our people at the Socialist valuation. We can and we shall recover our position and our credit in the world, but not with such leadership as we have had for the last four years.

IT cannot be too often said that a return to economic sanity must in the short run mean, not unemployment, but a fuller day's work for everyone, and in the long run, a fuller day's work for higher wages. It is not the idea of increased consumption which is wrong; consumption can and should be increased. What is wrong is the disassociation of consumption from production through interference with the price mechanism. In a world when almost everything which the ordinary family consumes is sold either above or below the economic price, everything must be rationed either by price, as is the case with whisky or cigarettes, or by physical controls, as in the case of food, or by the creation of an artificial shortage, as in the case of houses, which cannot be built without State aid to let at current rentals.

In such a world of artificial scarcities nothing that a man earns really belongs to him, because he has no free choice of what he shall buy. Even his entertainments are taxed. He can only look to the State, and never to his own effort, for more sugar, more meat, a new house or better medical attention. And what he gets from the State of these essentials will depend in no way whatever on the amount he personally contributes to the general well being. If the creation of such a sorry state of affairs is moral leadership, then the Socialists must add to their programme by undertaking to re-write our dictionaries.

EVERY government gets from its citizens the morality it deserves. This Socialist Government gets absenteeism, disgruntlement, and a constant flow of demands for higher wages and shorter hours because it has removed all the normal incentives to intensive work, thrift and good housekeeping. It is wholly wrong to blame the people. The blame lies wholly on the Government which offers no better rewards for honest work. It is neither selfishness nor poverty which has led to the reversal of the trend towards what are called "small savings". Most weeks, nowadays, more money is paid out to the one-time small savers than is paid in by them. In some cases, no doubt, the need to cash savings certificates or to withdraw savings from the Post Office is due to the slow but unfortunately steady process of inflation due to excessive taxation. Mainly, however, it is due to sadly legitimate doubts as to the safety of savings under Socialism. What sense is there in leaving money in the Post Office, only to see its value steadily falling?

WHILE notably unfair and ungenerous to the politicians of the right when they are their own fellow countrymen, Mr. Attlee and his friends come nobly forward to the defence of Hitler and his friends. Not to them do we owe the tragedy of the World War but to "the selfish and cowardly bungling of the Conservative government". I doubt if anyone will take this nonsense seriously, but it is perhaps worth while to point out that the diplomatic documents published since the war have, whatever else they have done, completely demolished the Socialist Party's case against the foreign policy of the National Government. That is important, because the fatal opposition of the Socialist Party to re-armament, and their equally fatal refusal to co-operate when re-armament was begun, admittedly too late, in 1935, has been defended since by the Socialists on the ground that their opposition to re-armament was the only weapon open to them to force the Government to change their foreign policy for the Socialist policy of a Russian Alliance. It is at least certain now that the Russians were from the outset, as they still are, far more hostile to the Western democracies

than to an authoritarian Germany, that they always regarded the destruction of the free nations of Western Europe as essential to their own survival, and that in any case the immediate price which any ally would have had to pay was to acquiesce in the destruction of the Baltic Republics and Poland. If Mr. Attlee and his colleagues are still unaware of this fundamental fact, which underlies the present world crisis, they are unfit to govern this country. If they are, as we must believe, perfectly well aware of it, they have no right to suggest as they do, that war with Germany could have been avoided by co-operation with Russia before 1939.

IT is this incurable obliquity of vision or statement on the part of our Government which shatters our diplomatic credit in the world to-day. The world cannot regard as a stable and reliable ally a country whose rulers are either incapable of understanding the facts, or, if they understand them, of stating them correctly.

THE *Observer*, commenting on January 22nd on the Socialist Declaration of Policy, suggests that its strongest appeal lies in the impression it conveys that the Socialist Party has earnestly "cared for the welfare of the masses". "Labour . . . has put its heart into the social services." No one doubts this, but social services, if they are to be socially beneficial, need to be directed by the head, not the heart. That may well be less popular in the short run, but four years is a long time in politics and we can see already the nearly catastrophic effects of four years of Socialist maladministration in rising prices, a falling £, taxation at higher than war-time levels, and industrial unrest, culminating in a heavy moral defeat for the Government by the T.U.C. in the matter of freezing wages.

NOTHING in the world is easier than to give away the taxpayers' money and to earn temporary popularity by doing so without care or stint. No policy so quickly brings its own retribution. That is not because of any innate virtue in people which makes them recoil from waste but because lax administration multiplies expenditure by geometrical progression. If £2 million is wasted one year, £20 million will be wasted the next year, and much more again in the year after. The reason lies partly in the creation of precedents which, once set by a piece of carelessness in Whitehall, are followed all over the country, and partly in the rapidity with which good news spreads. If public money is easily obtainable, there will be no lack of claimants, and the more the claimants, the greater the efficiency in checking their claims. In consequence, public opinion begins to react sharply, because we are all taxpayers as well as tax-receivers. It is the taxpayers' side of most people which is uppermost at general elections, the result of which is never determined by gratitude for past favours.

AND so we come back, whatever our angle of approach, to the issue posed by Mr. Winston Churchill in his admirable broadcast on January 20th: "*The practical question we have to settle is whether we shall take another deep plunge into State ownership and State control, or whether we shall restore a greater measure of freedom of choice and action to our people.*" The answer to that question is eagerly awaited by the whole civilized world. Are we to be live partners in the battle for freedom which will be the decisive event of the second half of the twentieth century or are we to become a mere antique in the museum of history, a legend for the inspiration of others, perhaps, but without lot or part in the battle? The world must move on until all men everywhere are free, or move back until all men everywhere are again enslaved. There is no middle course. Socialism in the British way, by which is meant a little socialism paid for by a lot of American dollars, has played its mean part on the stage of history and goes unlamented into the discard. The decision is now for us. Let us be quite clear on one thing. If we opt for socialism

it will not be socialism supported by free gifts of dollars. The end of that is in sight. It will be socialism supported only by the financial genius of Dr. Dalton and Sir Stafford Cripps, whose skill in repudiating obligations has to be admitted but whose ability to restore the value of the £ sterling to the point where we can pay for what we wish to consume has been proved wanting. Are these the men to whom we are now to entrust our future? The electorate will decide and will, we believe, decide wisely and decisively.

THE HEART'S PROTECTION

YOUR hands closed round my mind and all the books were shut.
Yet still the oldest songs remained
To be read in your eyes.
All sights, all seasons changed,
And with recurrent pain
Heart upon heart of springs
Broke in foam on the reluctant boughs,
But your smile was my peace.
Your lips in touching mine silenced the whirling streets,
Where even now I find
The invisible fortresses your love has built
That my heart may rest.

DENISE FOLLIOT.

THE ISSUES OF THE ELECTION

By LORD WOOLTON

THE Conservative Party enters the period of the General Election in a spirit of faith and confidence. Their faith is drawn from a deep and genuine belief in the sanity, the common sense, and the great qualities of independence and courage which make up the genius of the British people. Their confidence rests on the conviction that their Party represents the true spirit and heart of the nation as a whole, in a way that no other Party could do.

It is deplorable that English public life should be made a class affair, that disunity should be proclaimed as part of a political philosophy, that a single class of our fellow-countrymen should be encouraged not to co-operate with, but to dominate their neighbours. We have been one of the great empires of history. No one class has built it. It has been the achievement of countless men and women, some known to history, mostly unknown men and women, but all imbued with the spirit of adventure, of leadership, and of courage. These are the things which have made our country great, in the days when Englishmen could truly and proudly be described as a "band of brothers", when Christian principles guided our relations one with another. Verminous words of vituperation have no place in the description of any of our fellowmen.

I regret, too, the widespread propaganda of approval for the unnatural principle of egalitarianism, which inevitably takes the form of levelling down men's status and fortunes, and maybe in the end their ambitions, to a lowest common multiple. This principle is as false as it is unrewarding, for human nature thrives on diversity. This propaganda will not succeed: it is against all experience: the Socialist leaders themselves do not disdain the enjoyment of the good things which their individual talents and industry have justly brought them. It is right—more than that, it is fortunate—that they should enjoy these things, but the spectacle of their enjoyment displays the hollow falsity of their theories, and makes a mockery of Ministerial exhortations to austerity. Egalitarianism can only restrict and restrain. Conservatives seek to expand, to deploy all the inventive genius of British manufacturers and traders, so that from the ends of the earth the fruits of the land and of the labour shall come bountifully and plenteously to the tables of all: the Socialists have organized scarcity—we shall use our powers that men may live more abundantly. Our standard of living can never be raised by narrow and restrictive practices: we need energy, freedom and vision, and let us be frank and human enough to face it, people work best, and produce most, for the hope of material reward and personal benefit —although, fortunately, these material things are not the end of all our strivings.

THE essential issue before us at this election is quite plain, in spite of all the detailed policies and programmes which confront us. It involves nothing less than the sort of life which we British people intend henceforward to lead. At present wages have increased, but prices are very high. It is a fallacy to suppose that Government control, preventing the free flow of competition, will always reduce the cost of goods. It may indeed be that the removal of controls might result in a further temporary rise in prices, but

this would only be for a short period of adjustment. Then the native genius of the country would cause production and trade to expand and thrive, restoring our prosperity and ushering in an era when "fair shares for all" would really be fair, for increased wages and social benefits of all kinds would not be offset by disastrous rises in the cost of living.

The Conservatives will fight the rising cost of living. This is the terminal factor in a long chain: we shall change the course of the causes which produce this regrettable result, and there are many causes.

The heavy weight of taxation of earned income has reduced the eagerness of men to extra hard work or to commercial adventure. The nationalization of industries has led to an increase in the costs of many of the services essential to manufacturing. The increases in the costs of fuel and power and transport have increased the prices of goods to people at home, and made more difficult our efforts to secure trade abroad. Increases in costs at home have led to a demand for increases in wages, which in turn put up the cost of living and reduce our export trade and lead to further difficulties in bridging the dollar gap.

And finally, all these lead to the devaluation of our money, and further increases in the cost of living.

ALL these things, following one on another, show how badly the Socialist theories have worked out in practice. The theory of nationalization doesn't work, it is against common sense.

When, therefore, the Conservatives make an appeal to the people to use their franchise to fight the rising cost of living, they are asking them to condemn nationalization as an instrument for improving the standard of living of the nation and as an effective means of securing social justice. In fact it produces inflation, which is the financial enemy of social justice.

IN elections as in war the best defence is often attack. Let us see to it that this election is not fought under any misapprehensions. From the streets of our towns and from village halls, I have heard the echoes of a whispering campaign suggesting that if Mr. Churchill were returned to power, there would be war. Mr. Churchill has been the chief architect of a victory that has saved the nation, and it is the basest and the most shameful ingratitude to imply that the man who brought us peace does not ardently desire to see that we shall enjoy the fruits of the freedom he did so much to win. Must we not rather believe that the unrivalled ability which gave us the victory is the best suited to maintain the nation's security, as well as her honour?

It has been said, too, that if Mr. Churchill were once more in office there would be a cut in the family allowances. During the short period of the Conservative "Caretaker" Government—six weeks—this was the very issue which we who were then in control of the nation's affairs singled out for legislation. Here is proof positive of the importance which Conservatives attribute to this great act of assistance to family life, and which, with indisputable clarity and conviction, we pledge ourselves in our election programme to retain and to repair in value.

During the past hundred and fifty years Conservative governments have achieved a majestic record in the work of social reform. I need only recall the work of the great Lord Shaftesbury and of Disraeli, who put Act after Act on the Statute Book, improving labour conditions and establishing the rights of workers, and giving us the foundations for our present housing and public health legislation. There was a large Conservative majority in the House of Commons when the Beveridge Plan was accepted, debated and carefully worked out and improved. Yet it has been said that if we return to power, the Health Services will be abolished, and there will be no more "free" doctors. That people should believe such things is deplorable. We shall not destroy what we ourselves designed

with such labour and care. It is agreed on all sides that the Health Scheme is capable of considerable improvement, and Conservatives accept this view. Reckless navigation has driven this worthy ship perilously close to the rocks. It has been much abused and it is not only the financial aspect that endangers its contrivance: it is not giving a service that is satisfying either the doctors or the sick. We shall not end it, but mend it.

All this tissue of misrepresentation pales, however, before the disgraceful suggestion that the Conservative Party desires to see unemployment. I am amazed and distressed that men who have worked with us as colleagues through those dangerous days of war should, urged presumably by the hungry appetite for office, be prepared to lend themselves to decry not us alone, but human nature itself, by saying that we want to see large numbers of our fellow-men unemployed!

LET me recall the preamble to the White Paper on Employment Policy, which I myself presented to Parliament in 1944: "The Government accept as one of their primary aims and responsibilities the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment after the war." This was a pledge on behalf of all parties in Mr. Churchill's Government. Conservatives took at least an equal part with those who follow Mr. Attlee in making that pledge. Those of us who seek now to lead Conservative thought have never deviated from that policy. Had the party done so I could not have remained its Chairman, for this problem of unemployment has been almost a dominating interest with me since those early years of my life that I spent living on the dockside of Liverpool, studying its effects and seeking its causes. We Conservatives are fearful for our country less mass unemployment should return. It is we who have foreseen the danger and persistently advised on the measures to avert it. It is we who have constantly warned the Socialists that if they persisted in their irresponsible dislocation of our economy they would inevitably cause mass unemployment, with all its attendant distress. They lie grievously when they tell the people that the Tories will bring back unemployment.

What, then, have we to offer in place of the further doses of class legislation and nationalization, which is all that our opponents can produce as a programme? Above all, we offer unity. Our plans for industry and for agriculture are all based on co-operation between employers, workers and the Government. We offer leadership by men of experience and resource, which will restore our prestige abroad and bring realism to the solution of our problems at home. We will bind more firmly the ties that unite the members of the British Commonwealth and Empire, and we will pursue with vigour the policies outlined by Mr. Churchill in his speeches at Zurich and Fulton, which have been implemented so tardily and so reluctantly by the Socialist Government.

OUR general plans were set out in the pamphlet entitled *The Right Road for Britain*: our Election Manifesto *This is the Road* is the promised programme that follows the lines of that policy. All our proposals aim at reconciling freedom with security, of releasing the fettered energies of our people, and of reviving the spirit that made us in the past the leading nation of the Western World. We shall remove many controls, but we shall remove no control from any object of basic necessity until abundant supplies are available for all, and when controls are, therefore, but an impediment to progress. We shall permit and encourage the building of all kinds of houses, for all kinds of people, and we shall see that no competent builder is prevented from exercising his trade in the public interest. We shall seek to obtain all-Party agreement to a reform of the composition and powers of the House of Lords. We shall preserve the independence of local

democracy. We shall review the regional problems of Scotland and Wales. With special affection to none, we shall seek to bring to all, freedom to live their lives as they wish under the law, to develop their special capacities and to reap rewards appropriate to their efforts and their services. In particular, we shall create a state in which there is enough of food, homes and work for all the people. These are the simple needs of the nation to which all our power and experience will be diligently used.

In a singularly distasteful moment of electoral exhilaration, Sir Hartley Shawcross observed "We are the masters now". If a Conservative Government is returned to power in February, their message to the nation will be in the words of the Leader of the Party "We are honoured to be your servants".

FOR A FRIEND WHO THINKS HIMSELF URBANE

I KNOW that you have tried, dear friend,
To make the worse appear the better reason;
But cannot. I know that you have tried to bend
The supple knee, and like the vagrant swallow
To nest in chimneyed hearts of men or follow
The sunshine of consent's good season;
But cannot. Gracious you've tried to cast
The pearl before opinion's tushèd snout;
But cannot. You've tried to greet the last
Bellhop to fortune, the last varnished tout
Of circumstance whose moist palm your palm kissed;
And tried to smile when you suppressed
Some callow gesture of the clumsy heart.
You've tried but cannot, for the better part
Pinches the will, and memories constrain
The ready tongue, bland brow, the careful smile.
You've tried; cannot. But we, among all men,
Share this in secrecy: a little while
And you . . . O resolute . . . will try again.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

WHY ORGANIZED LABOUR SHOULD VOTE TORY

By DAVID MAXWELL FYFE

THE essential starting point is that a great section of organized Labour does vote Tory. It is one of the Socialists' cleverest yet most easily contraverted propaganda lines that the "workers" are solidly behind their party. They have repeated it so often that some Conservatives have almost come to believe it, and conjure up a fantastic picture which sees organized labour, as the vast bulk of the electorate, convinced Socialists to a man and altogether unshakable in their political beliefs. This picture, of course, bears no relation to reality. If it did, the Conservative Party would long since have dwindled away, and would by now have joined the Liberal Party as a twittering ghost in the twilight of political life. In fact, millions of Conservative votes must have come from Trade Unionists. So much is abundantly clear from the evidence. Even if everybody with over £10 a week had voted Tory in 1945—which is very far from being the case—that would still leave over 7 million Tory voters with under £10 a week. And 1945 was a Socialist landslide. Clearly it is not only a question of why trade unionists should vote for us, but why they do vote for us. This article is an attempt to answer both questions.

In the first place let us remember that there is nothing wrong with our past. In the nineteenth century we refused to believe that if there was complete *laissez-faire* all evils would disappear. We did not believe that labour was a commodity whose price can be automatically fixed. The human personality demanded the right of combination and the Conservative Government of Disraeli secured that right. This was not the commencement of that Tory viewpoint. As early as 1804 Liverpool, on the advice of Perceval as Attorney-General, had refused to prosecute the Boot and Shoe Operatives for conspiracy, although pressed by the employers to do so. We have, therefore, a history of belief in combination, but we have always insisted that it should be a right of *free* combination and that the individual should not be compelled to pay for political views which he did not share or to join a particular union under threat of losing his job.

SECONDLY, let us remember that there is nothing in our composition or attitude at the present time which is in any degree hostile or inconsiderate towards organized labour. Our constituency organizations, especially in the North, show a percentage of Trade Unionists which would surprise Transport House. The problems which confront the Trade Unionists most sharply are just the problems to which those responsible for our policy have given the greatest attention. If you were to ask a Trade Unionist or a member of the Conservative Shadow Cabinet what are the political subjects which he has had most in mind during the past two years the answer would be the same, the fear of unemployment, the effectiveness of the Social Services, the lack of houses, and the high cost of living.

THE Socialists have made no bones about the fact that they will fight the election on the small number out of work to-day as compared with the period between the wars. They have tacitly proclaimed that they will ignore these points:—

(1) That under the last Socialist Government unemployment rose by over a million and a half and subsequent Conservative Governments were largely occupied in taking off that excess in which they succeeded.

(2) That Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Ernest Bevin agreed that there would be no danger of general unemployment after this war.

(3) That, unlike Governments after the last war, this Socialist government has received some £1,750 million worth of dollars to help them in their difficulties.

(4) That Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Mr. Morrison have admitted that without this aid the number of unemployed would have risen by 1½ or 2 million.

(5) That in spite of the aid we are in present danger of being unable to buy the raw materials necessary to keep our people at work and the American help ceases in 1952.

I cannot believe that Trade Unionists will ignore these points—or that Conservatives will allow them to be forgotten. Nevertheless, Conservatives must not rest satisfied with correcting distortion of the past. In the present, the primary objective of our policy is to ensure that we can buy abroad and to remove the danger of inability to purchase the raw materials for our industries. Other dangers can be met by our whole-hearted support of the proposals of Mr. Churchill's government—set out by Lord Woolton with the support of Socialist leaders—for maintaining employment by governmental and budgetary action.

A WORD must be said about the Social Services—a matter of vital importance to the Trade Unionists.

As one of the ministers who had the honour to place before Parliament the Children's Allowance Bill, the Bill for a Ministry of National Insurance and the new Industrial Injuries proposals, I confess to a certain heat when it is suggested that my colleagues and I will destroy our own work. There is a real danger, however, that reluctance to believe in such, particularly idiotic misrepresentations will prevent us stamping out such lies. Our record is unassailable. Equally clear is our determination that the benefits of the Social Services will not be undermined by high prices reducing the value of money.

As to Housing, if Mr. Aneurin Bevan is satisfied with his progress, then England is not. We believe that dwelling houses are essential to a population which will give its best work, and that there is no argument against the removal of restrictions from the buying of timber, lead, copper and zinc from the arrangement of local authority payments, from the private builder with building society help.

Finally, the cost of living is up 18 points since 1947, and is still rising as a result of devaluation. Taxation presses on the most important purchases in our daily life. It becomes more difficult every day to prevent prices and wages chasing each other into a spiral which means misery at home and high cost of the goods which we seek to sell abroad. The Trade Unionist knows this. The Socialist politician knows it, too. That is why the latter has been inventing imaginary Tory policies. It is our job to see that the truth is made plain.

ANY compression of a proposed line of action into five words—economy, efficiency, elasticity, Empire, Europe—has obvious defects, but these words do say what we want to and must do. We must remove the burden of top-heavy expenditure in running the country from the backs of its people. The machinery of Government ministries, regulations and controls must be radically scaled down and expenditure and taxation reduced. Decentralization and Regional responsibility must be the keynote for coal and railways. There is no magic in management from London and Whitehall. Men whose own businesses and livelihood depend upon it and not the State must buy our commodities. Men who understand what local manufacturers and passengers require must run our lorries and buses. The reduction in Government expenditure will prevent inflation in that it will do away with undesirable

price-raising competition for the goods left in the home market, and therefore assist in the movement of labour to the export industries, which, after devaluation, must increase their sales abroad by nearly half to buy the same amount as before devaluation happened. We must take the countries of the British Commonwealth and Empire with us in giving the lead to Europe in making a stronger and more prosperous continent which will have the support and help of the United States and form a unity in strength great enough to prevent war.

There is no other way of solving our problems at home and repelling Communism abroad. It is the only method of releasing and using the pent-up enthusiasm and initiative of our people. There is nothing in any of these proposals to which a Trade Unionist who has now experienced Nationalization should object.

THE Socialists started with the idea of a broad strategic plan for industry which sounded well enough in the ears of a victorious army. In practice, however, it became distorted into a love of centralization as such, a policy whose results can be seen in the rigidity of the nationalized industries whose losses go mounting up. No one has produced arguments to justify executives in London who ignore chief regional officers and speak over their heads to Cornwall and Caithness. Decentralization which Conservatives have advocated and advocate to-day, will result in greater efficiency and lower costs in our basic industries. This in turn will make our exports more competitive and so arrest the threat of unemployment from inability to buy abroad.

At the same time, it is only through decentralization that undertakings can be humanized. When too much is centralized, the individual worker becomes a human cog at the end of a long distance telephone. It is a first duty of government to encourage a sense of personal rights and responsibilities. This is a problem to which the Socialists have given far too little thought.

THERE would be less danger of frustration in nationalized industries if the position of Trade Unions remained unaltered. In the strait-jacket economy of Socialist centralization, however, the Union becomes more and more the instrument of government control. In a nationalized industry a Union, however all-embracing, becomes merely a glorified "company" union relying for its authority not in the power of free combination, put on the influence of the Government behind the nationalized board or commission.

The principle of collective bargaining depends for its efficient working upon three rights: the right to combine, the right of recourse to an impartial arbitrator and the right to strike. The declared aim of the Labour Party is the creation of a Socialist State in which all the means of production, distribution and exchange will be nationalized. What will be the meaning of collective bargaining in such a State? The Government is the employer and not the independent arbitrator. Will the right to strike still exist? Already we have had indications in the nationalized industries that, when the Government is the employer, a strike must become a clash with the Government.

CLEARLY the future suggests very real dangers to the status and authority of the trade unions. It is never entirely safe to take parallels from abroad, but the experience of Russia is not altogether without interest. In 1945 the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation mission to Russia reported:

> "We believe that the unions have some independence on the pressing of wage claims and legitimately try to safeguard the interests of their members, but never to the point which would allow them to indulge in open conflict with the management or with state authorities."

If it is desired to supplement the parallel from abroad with views at home it should be remembered that in the House of Commons in February, 1946, Sir Stafford Cripps called the right to strike "the one legitimate

weapon in the hands of the workers against oppression," but significantly added that its use must be safeguarded "so long as capitalism and private enterprise persist". The inference seems obvious that when free enterprise has gone, as Socialists desire, the right of the worker to strike will vanish at the same time.

THE Conservative Party in all its publications between 1945 and to-day has stood firmly by the principle of collective bargaining. We have also repeatedly stressed the need for directing attention most strongly to opportunities of increasing earnings by productivity. As early as 1947 we said:—

> "We propose that the Ministry of Labour, with the full resources of Government information, should keep the two sides of every industry informed both about the general economic situation of the country and about the relationship of the findings of one industrial council to the decisions which the representatives of another industry may contemplate taking. In this way wage levels may be kept in proper relationship to productivity and wage rates between different industries can be harmonized."

Last year we stressed that the present arrangement with regard to advisory bodies such as the Ministry of Labour's Joint Advisory Committee, the National Production Advisory Council in Industry, and the Regional Boards for Industry were too departmental. We urged that these advisory bodies must be made a reality with lives of their own and not be confined to formal meetings to hear communications from Ministers. These bodies would, of course, include representatives of Trade Unions, whose knowledge and experience would thus be available to help the Government without compromising their individual position.

I believe that we could go further and create out of one of these bodies a committee who could give an advisory opinion on claims for wages in the light of the national industrial and productive position. If this were available to Trade Unions and Employers before a formal arbitration was commenced, it would be of first-rate importance. It is not beyond the wit of man to harmonize free collective bargaining with a deep and instant appreciation of national needs.

THE Leader of the Party has made clear and I myself have elaborated more than once that it is our policy to take no action in the Trade Union field until there has been a round-table conference which will give an opportunity of full and free discussion of points on which members of our party feel strongly, such as that no one should contribute to the political fund of a Trade Union unless he really wishes to, and that no one should be compelled to join a Trade Union under threat of losing his job. We shall, of course, be very ready to discuss any other points which the Trade Unions want to raise. With this in the forefront, it is surely absurd to suggest that Socialist workers will not work because a Conservative government is in power. As I have said so often, no one has ever suggested that Conservatives in field and factory have not worked under a Socialist government or that Liberal Trade Unionists have not worked for 35 years.

Yet another effect of the encroachment of Socialism will be the increased use of direction of labour. In a society where there is a danger of the vicious spiral of rising prices and wages and the only answer is more control, it would become increasingly difficult to steer labour into the essential export industries by means of ordinary incentives. In face of this fact, the Socialist policy, as sketched by Mr. Chuter Ede (a moderate enough Socialist) in November, is first to hope for goodwill and then to use increased power of direction. This is the price which has to be paid at a time of full employment, when action against inflation is the official policy of the Government. I do not think that young organized labour at any rate, will pay for socialism the price of abandoning the right to choose its own job and its own life.

IT may, however, be asked whether Conservatism has any suggestions of its own, apart from criticism of the consequences of Socialism, for the position of the worker under free enterprise. We believe that we must encourage joint consultation, at the factory level, to impart information, to secure prompt consideration of suggestions in order to ventilate legitimate grievances. Although it is impossible to prescribe a standardized pattern, the aim should be to set up advisory bodies, with a constitution arrived at after consulting the views of all grades meeting regularly and used for serious purposes by all sides in industry.

Conflicting sides in industry is an outworn conception. All have their part to play in formulating ideas for improving methods of production and selling, and for bettering working conditions.

The working man has his stake in the fortunes of the firm, and it is therefore right that he should have some say in the shaping of policies affecting those matters which concern him. We want all men at all levels to understand what is going on in their firm, and where practicable make their own contributions in the form of suggestions and advice. We are confident that the common sense of the British working man will make wide joint consultation a real success.

SO, too, we have tried in the Industrial Charter to set out a policy for associating the workers more and more closely with the prosperity of the industries to which they belong. For example, co-partnership can be of considerable value in enterprises where the output and profit ratio are relatively constant and where the labour turnover is small. Again, the practice of profit-sharing or some form of payment by results are both desirable when they can be applied equitably, but it is of vital importance that rate-fixing for output bonuses should be fair and capable of reasoned justification not only in its application to the exceptionally skilled employees, but to the average man. There are other ways in which a worker may be made to feel that he is a real part of his company or firm. Non-financial incentives are also increasingly important, of which a written contract and security of tenure based on reasonable notice earned by service are desirable. By all these methods we can turn our difficulties into opportunities. The fact that the size of the cake is to-day so much more important to the country than the relative size of the slices, explodes finally the suggestion that there are divergent interests of employers and employed. Joint consultation and the class war cannot be made to live together. I have indicated very often that through the powers of the Monopoly and Restrictive Practices Act, which followed in principle our own publication on this subject, we shall see that the public interest is protected and that prices are not kept up either by inefficiency or by combination in restraint of trade.

For half a century Socialists have been shouting that somewhere is a bottomless pit and measureless pool out of which men can draw where they have not contributed and have inveighed against an unusual sort of "bloated capitalist" who wanted unemployment. To-day the argument rings false. It has always been impossible to fool all trade unionists all the time. They do not forget the dangers which all people in their country have shared together in the past. They recognize to-day the economic dangers which again threaten the community as a whole.

IN the long run the average trade unionist is more interested in joint consultation than the class war. He cares more for humanizing than nationalizing. He has a profound belief in the greatness of his country. I do not believe that it will be long before he recognizes that her greatness depends on the recognition of the rights and responsibilities of the individual. A country in a straight-jacket is not likely to lead a united modern commonwealth to the restoration of a shattered continent and the salvation of a troubled world.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND COMMONWEALTH

By LORD TWEEDSMUIR

"WHAT do you wish to conserve?" asked Disraeli, "things or only names, realities or only appearances?"

In this changed and changing world of to-day, we cannot ask ourselves this question too often.

It is an old platitude that wars bring change. It is, perhaps, truer to say that they hasten those that are already on their way. It is, then, small wonder that the last half-century has seen so many in the map of the world and so much in the minds of its peoples; since, for one-fifth of that span, the world has been plunged in strife. In the smoke of that strife there have faded so many of the old comforting illusions. Gone are the cherished ideas that a war could end war: that the betterment of the human race could proceed steadily with the passing of the years; that democracy, as a faith, would gradually embrace the whole earth, and so many others. In their place has come a cynicism, bred of an uncertainty mingled with fear of the future. One of the deepest instincts of humanity, in doubt or peril, is to seek security in numbers. Nations no longer wish to be small and alone. The last five years has seen the growth of groups of nations of common outlook and common interest, and further groupings of groups. Centres of gravity, that have stood long rooted, have shifted. Europe is no longer the sole maker and unmaker of human destiny. London is no longer the creditor capital of the world. The American giant, alone, is rich in what the rest of the world needs. The Russian giant, with the mind of Genghis Khan and the weapons of the twentieth century, has set out to conquer the world without firing a shot. The third giant, the British Empire and Commonwealth, which is potentially stronger than either of the other two, has felt the impetus of change more than either. But change is part of its nature. It is scattered all over the world, of whose land space it covers nearly a third. Anything that happens anywhere, affects it somewhere. Thus its history has been one of a steady movement with the times, and often far ahead of them. The empires of the past that have disappeared, crashed because they could not do this. But never has the tempo of change been so rapid as in the last half-century. The two World Wars stand out as milestones, and have generally been an occasion for a change of horses. Colonial conferences became Imperial Conferences, and now meetings of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. The Colonial Office gave birth to the Dominions Office, which has grown up to be the Commonwealth Relations Office. The Commonwealth countries have moved in that span of years from virtual dependence to complete independence, and now to a strong feeling of interpendence, with the tide of Communism lapping against every shore. What an ocean of change is encompassed in this mouthful of words.

The Dominion Ministers have met at Colombo. The word "Dominion" is officially dead, but refuses to be buried as it is easier to say, and more readily understood. Less than five years ago it meant, as it had traditionally meant, a group of nations, to the vast majority of whose people Britain was the mother country, or Europe was the homeland. Britain was, and still is, the Home Dominion. But round the table at Colombo were the three new members: India, Pakistan

and Ceylon. Most people have not yet fully grasped the significance of their coming. They represent countries whose peoples are in the ratio of 4 to 1 to the peoples of the older Dominions. They have inherited a military system and an apparatus of law and government that are an entirely British concept, and a British, and not merely a Western, way of life. For the shaping of the overseas dependencies of the other Western European Powers has followed very different lines. With sole control of their own destinies they are setting to work to Easternize these structures. Their national futures depend to a very great extent upon their ability to alter them to Eastern ways, without bringing the buildings down in ruin in the process. But that is not all that is new, in the new family of Dominions. In the past each Dominion country was separated from the next by a great tract of ocean. Now India and Pakistan share a subcontinent, and relations across their land frontier are far from harmonious at present.

Furthermore, the three new Asian Dominions are highly critical of some of the policy of the older ones. The white Australia policy and many measures of the present South African Government are an example. It is a sobering thought to think that the future of the people of the world largely depends on the ability of the countries recently grouped round the table at Colombo to work together, for indeed they represent more than a quarter of the world's people.

THE British Dominions have been defined as countries that are fundamentally "unforeign" to each other. Over the years a technique of co-operation has been built up, that is one of the wonders of the world. If one of these countries could put an advantage in the way of another, it has done so. But if one country has been driven to a course that is to another's prejudice, they have warned that other in advance to mitigate as far as possible the harm that would be done. In the past they have been in each other's complete confidence, and because they shared the same fundamental beliefs, went to war together when those beliefs were threatened with extinction. Upon their ability to co-operate for the future as they have done in the past, depends what sort of world it will be like half a century hence.

More human relationships have been destroyed by apathy than ever by hostility. These countries are for the most part widely separated from each other. Each has its own preoccupations. It is only too possible for them to become strangers to each other's outlook. Then mole-hills of disagreement can grow into mountains of discord. The will to co-operate can weaken; fewer confidences be shared, and we will then be foreign nations, robbed of the strength of union. If, as it appears to some, the Commonwealth were no more than a defensive alliance or a co-operative marketing board, that would not matter unduly; but this unity has always been something far more significant, and more precious, than the puny comprehension of such folk can grasp. It has twice in half a century saved the world.

It is for us in Britain to see that we play our part. For years to come Britain will retain a far higher percentage of the Commonwealth's industrial power and sinews of war than any other of the Dominions. We are a Dominion, but a Dominion with two salient differences. We are responsible for the future of 60 million human beings in the Colonial Empire. We are, at once, a nation of the Commonwealth, a nation of Europe, and a nation who has ties far closer than the common language with America. Thus we are a nation whose life is woven with the whole world. Brushing aside any suggestion of leaving the Commonwealth and making our life among our European neighbours, or resigning ourselves to be a sattelite of America in perpetuity. And realizing that the British Empire and Commonwealth cannot have an entirely self-sufficient existence, without reference to the rest of the world, we can only tread one path. These three spheres of the Commonwealth, Western Europe, and

of the United States must interlock at a certain point, and we are the only nation that can be that point.

WE have always been looked to in the past for the leadership of ideas. It has never been more vital that we should not be looked to in vain. We can never be a great unifying force if we passively take all the other nations with whom we deal for granted. Nor can we do it by only bestirring ourselves when a crisis has arisen, which could have been avoided by taking steps in time. The value of any member of any association is counted by his willingness and ability to put something into that association, rather than the wish to take something out. Much of Britain's record in the last five years has not been impressive. The budget limitation of the amount of money that can be taken with them to Canada, with the resulting effect on the Canadian Emigration scheme, can hardly be regarded as helpful. Nor does the heaping of blame on the Canadians, who have gone to such tremendous lengths to help us in our post-war difficulties, to explain away the shortcomings of the Socialist economy. Nor can the unwillingness to provide higher shipping provision for intending emigrants to Australia and New Zealand, be regarded as active co-operation. The use of that dismal phrase "Socialist Britain" can only suggest that we are a riven nation, whose outlook is so utterly parochial that it heeds little beyond its own shores. The other Commonwealth nations can hardly feel that a country that advertises itself as being both disunited and parochial, can be a great unifying force.

If we are not to be looked to in vain for the leadership of ideas, we must have men to rule us who have ideas, and can rule. The words of Edmund Burke, spoken more than 150 years ago, are even truer to-day, "we are on a conspicuous stage, and the world marks our demeanour".

And now let us look at our other great sphere of responsibility. Two-thirds of the British Colonial Empire is grouped in the African continent; the remainder is dotted about the world; with the exception of one other close grouping, in the West Indies. Some of these territories have been with us for centuries; others only for a few years. One has a seventeenth-century Parliament; some are still so close to savagery that they have as yet no legislatures at all. The two milestones of the century have brought the concept of the Mandated Territory, which has now given way to the Trusteeship Territory.

TRUSTEESHIP is not a new principle to us; it is not even a new name. The word was first used in connection with our colonies, by a House of Commons Committee in 1837. We have since passed from the fatherly conception of trusteeship to the more brotherly conception of partnership. The Colonial Secretary once discharged his heavy responsibilities in an atmosphere of comparative peace and quiet. He is a very overworked Minister. He has now a Minister of State to help him; he could with advantage have two others. Gone is the tranquil atmosphere. He must now proceed with 58 different nations of U.N.O. as noisy backseat drivers. Some are nations who never miss an opportunity of making difficulties for Britain. Some, the smaller ones, wish to aggrandize themselves at home by attacking a great power. It is to the credit of H.M.G. that they have stated, if somewhat tardily, that whatever advice or criticism is forthcoming from the backseat drivers, responsibility for these Colonial countries is ours and ours alone, and we must reserve the right to act as we think fit. The clamour is not confined to the backseat driver; it ascends from another quarter. In a number of colonial territories, notably in West Africa, small groups, numerically a minute fraction of the peoples concerned, have set out to lobby the world. Demands for "freedom" and "self-government" fall on the ears of listening peoples outside. The vast and moderate majority, in the Colonies concerned, are becoming confused and baffled. The agitator

has a strong advantage over the moderate; for you cannot agitate for moderation. The agitator has the hustings all to himself.

The antithesis of leadership is the existence of a state of uncertainty. A most unfortunate cloud of uncertainty now hangs over our Colonial Empire. It confuses the educated few and the uneducated many; the settler and the trader; the ranks of the Colonial Service and the world at large. All parties in Britain have at one time or another voiced the same views as to the ultimate object of our Colonial policy. Mr. Creech Jones has done so several times, but the ability to give voice to impeccable statement of our objects is no substitute for a clear lead as to how we are going to attain those objects. In East Africa the question in most men's minds is "where are we going?" In West Africa many a voluble politician asks "when are we going?" And either, or both, of these questions is being asked by more and more people in the West Indies and the other territories. Now, if we cannot say exactly where we are going, we can make it quite clear where we are not going, and we must also make ourselves perfectly plain on one or two points of definition.

WE speak of the peoples of the Colonial territories, but who are the people? In Africa there are the vast numerical majority of the African tribes. There are also those other racial communities who are responsible for the vast proportion of those countries' development, and the standard of life that the African now enjoys. These communities are principally the Britains and the Indians, although there are several others, such as the Arab community in East Africa. In the West Indies the Arawaks have long died out in Jamaica, and very few of the pure-blooded Carib people remain elsewhere. The white man from Britain, and the black man from West Africa, arrived at one and the same time; in fact, one brought the other with him. Both claim to be the people of the British West Indies. No one can justly say that one can qualify more than the other. Lines of thought, therefore, regarding the handing over of power to Colonial peoples, must be based on a recognition of who those peoples are. They are, in fact, any one, of whatever origin, who calls those countries "home".

The next point which causes serious confusion, is that many find it hard to recognize the fact that our particular form of democratic Government, with the ballot box and the Westminster model, is not completely suitable to every people of every clime. For instance, to hand the ballot box, and universal suffrage, to Fiji would be to ensure that the indigenous Fijian race would be in a minority in their own country for perpetuity, as they are considerably outnumbered by the Indian emigrant population. The ballot box can only be an instrument of democracy where race and religion are not the sole determinants of party.

HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT have dispelled one source of uncertainty by making a straightforward stand on our responsibility in the trusteeship Council of U.N.O. They could dispel a very great deal more if they could convince the racial and religious minorities, in so many of the Colonial territories, that they stood in no danger from being handed over to a form of government that would submerge their rights if not their existence. It is strange that so many politicians in Colonial countries do not realize that when they demand "self-government", they do not, in fact, mean "self-government". They mean a peculiarly British invention, called a responsible government. Self-government is what every African tribe had before he went there, in circumstances of the Stone Age. Responsible government only really came into being in Britain about 200 years ago. It is, in fact, government by toleration. It is for us to make it crystal clear that it would be the grossest betrayal to bestow a nominal form of responsible government on any country,

where the basis of toleration did not as yet exist for it to rest upon.

The population of British Africa will double in 30 years: The population of many of the British West Indian Islands, much sooner. There is little sign, as yet, where double that food is coming from. One of the prerequisites of the grant of responsible government is the ability to govern; the ability of the people of a country to run the affairs of their country. The great test of the African's power of statesmanship will be his ability to husband and promote the food resources of his own country, by helping to his utmost to combat overgrazing and erosion, and such fearful blights as the swollen shoot disease, which is ravaging the West African cocoa industry. It is the duty of Britain's leaders to make these points crystal clear and take a lead to dispel this damaging uncertainty. And further, to take a lead in the tackling of the pressing, practical problems of the future of these countries, by educating their peoples to fill positions that their countries so badly need. The manufacture of an ever-growing white collar class which is becoming an incubus to colonial countries whose crying need is for a knowledge of medicine, knowledge of engineering and a knowledge of the needs of the land.

The peoples of the Colonial territories cannot develop and advance their countries by themselves.

We, by ourselves, cannot do it for them. Together we can succeed. But for a long time to come the Colonial Service is going to be the steel framework of the administration of these countries. It is a sturdy British mixture of idealism and common sense. It has been said "that good Colonial Government carries with it the seeds of its own extinction". Gradually its pattern changes and its need passes. Where orders were once given, advice is tendered. Then the time comes when less and less advice is necessary. The Colonial Service, in so far as its British component goes, is alarmingly undermanned. Many have the feeling that if they invest their whole life's capital in this career, the career may come to an end before their time is up. Some, too, influenced by a cloud of uncertainty, wonder whether they are not building on sand. There is probably no service of the Crown where it is more vitally necessary to recruit the right people. It must be made clear that whatever the transition of the territories in which they serve, they will receive either further employment elsewhere, or fully adequate compensation. But until we make our intentions clear and remove this cloud of uncertainty, we can never restore the feeling that every member of that service is building something that will long outlast our life.

SO in both spheres the need is for leadership. We need architects who can build to last, and men whose vision, unclouded by doctrine, can see the shape of things to come, and see them in time. Progress is unfortunately not a law of nature. One generation can only too easily lose the ground that many previous generations have gained. As the late Lord Lloyd once wrote, "there is no such thing as political evolution, there are only the consequences of wise leadership, of bad leadership, or no leadership at all".

DR. JOHNSON AND THE FORTY-FIVE

By CHARLES PETRIE

FOR many years there has been a strong belief that Johnson took an active part in the Forty-Five, and the late John Buchan was particularly attracted by the theory as readers of *Midwinter* will readily appreciate. Such being the case it is not without interest to examine the relevant evidence.

That Johnson was a convinced Jacobite there can be no doubt, and Boswell bears testimony that he had "undoubtedly a great tenderness" for the House of Stuart. He certainly made no secret of his feelings. Hogarth has left it upon record that not long after the execution of Dr. Cameron in 1753 he met Johnson at Samuel Richardson's, and the Doctor inveighed against George II, whom he described as "relentless and barbarous". Ten years later, on 9th July, 1763, and within less than two months of their first meeting, Boswell questioned Johnson with what he called "unrestrained frankness" about his acceptance of a pension from the reigning dynasty, to receive the following reply:

> Now I have this pension I am the same in every respect; I retain the same principles. It is true I cannot curse the House of Hanover, nor would it be decent to drink King James's health in wine that King George gives me the money to pay for, but I think the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover and drinking King James's health are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year.

THE passing of the years did nothing to diminish Johnson's enthusiasm for the Stuarts, and in 1773 he went so far as to say that he did not know whether he could take the Oath of Allegiance to the House of Hanover. In 1777, during the course of an argument with Dr. Taylor he declared, "If England were fairly polled the present King would be sent away to-night and his adherents would be hanged to-morrow. . . . It is not alleged by anyone that the present family have any inherent rights". In the same year Boswell recalls that when he and Johnson visited Kedleston he remarked that "we were this day to stop just where the Highland army did in 1745", to which observation there came the reply, "It was a noble attempt".

Even as late as 1783, just a year before Johnson died, another assertion of his views is recorded by Boswell:

> Sir, (said Johnson in a low voice, having come nearer to me, while his old prejudice seemed to be fermenting in his mind,) this Hanoverian family is *isolée* here. They have no friends. Now the Stuarts had friends who stuck by them so late as 1745. Where the right of the King is not reverenced there will not be any reverence for those appointed by the King.

THEN there is the amusing story, for which Boswell is again our authority, of Goldsmith's little score off Johnson. The two men were visiting Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, and Johnson quoted to his companion the line of Ovid.

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

Goldsmith said nothing, but when their wandering had carried them to Temple Bar, which was still adorned with the heads of those who had been executed after the Forty-Five, he pointed to these trophies of Cumberland's victory, and repeated the quotation from Ovid.

Johnson, it must be remembered, had been in his extreme youth touched for the King's Evil by Queen Anne, an incident calculated to make a great impression upon one of his loyalist upbringing, and his native city of Lichfield was in a county famed for its devotion to the Stuarts. Indeed, as late as 1749 Dr. King chose Lichfield as a suitable centre for the prosecution of his Jacobite activities.

ALL this, however, though conclusive proof where Johnson's political sympathies lay, is no evidence that he was actually "out" in the Forty-Five, and it is necessary to regard certain aspects of his life and character a little more closely.

John Wilson Croker alludes to the matter in his edition of Boswell's *Johnson*. In a note to a passage dealing with the years 1745-46, in which Boswell calls attention to the absence of all record of what the Doctor was doing at this time, Croker observes:

> It is too fanciful to believe Boswell's suggestion that Johnson employed these two years, 1745 and 1746, in contemplative preparation for his Dictionary. He must have had some means, however small, of subsistence. In the absence, then, of explanation, I cannot reject as altogether fanciful the idea that he may have been diverted from his ordinary pursuits not by "sympathetic anxiety", but by some more personal share in the proceedings of the Jacobite party.

Boswell's actual words are:

> It is somewhat curious that Johnson's literary career appears to have been almost totally suspended in the years 1745 and 1746, and some may fancifully imagine that a sympathetic anxiety impeded the exertion of his intellectual powers, but I am inclined to think that he was during this time sketching the outlines of his great philological work. None of his letters during this period are extant so far as I can discover.

William Hazlitt was of much the same opinion as Croker:

> Was Johnson in Scotland with the Pretender? He seems to have passed through the scenes in the Highlands in company with Boswell many years after "with lack lustre eye", as if they were familiar to him or associated in his mind with interests that he durst not explain. If so, it would be additional reason for my liking him. I would give something to have seen him seated in the tent with the youthful Majesty of Britain and penning the Proclamation to all true subjects and adherents of the legitimate Government.

CERTAINLY Johnson at this stage of his life—he was thirty-six—was both in the matter of temperament and of physique just the man for such an adventure, ponderous and lumbering as he became in later years. He was a good horseman, and he rode from Birmingham to Derby on his wedding day: Mrs. Thrale, who first met him twenty years after the Forty-Five, says that he rode her husband's hunter with firmness, and would sometimes follow hounds for fifty miles, though this may well be a slight feminine exaggeration.

He was also decidedly a fighter. "No man," says Boswell, "was more remarkable for his personal courage", and there are several instances of this. One night he was attacked in the street by four men, but he kept them all at bay until the arrival of the watch, whom he then assisted in the removal of his assailants to the round house. Garrick has left it on record that in the theatre at Lichfield the Doctor, having for a moment left his chair which was placed for him in the wings, a man sat down in it, and when Johnson returned, and politely asked for his seat, the intruder rudely refused to give it up; whereupon Johnson threw both man and chair into the pit. On another occasion when Osborne, the bookseller, insulted him in his chambers, Johnson picked up a folio and knocked him down with it.

A MORE famous incident was when Foote announced his intention of imitating the Doctor on the stage. When Johnson was informed of this he was dining out, and he at once asked his host, "What is the common price of an oak stick?" On being told "Sixpence", he went on, "Then, Sir, give me leave to send your servant to buy a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity. I'm told Foote intends to take me off, and I am determined the fellow shall not do so with impunity". It only remains to add that Foote did not take him off. If further evidence be required both of Johnson's strength and of his impetuosity it is to be found in an anecdote recorded by Smith, the engraver, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, where he relates how he himself saw the Doctor pursue a sturdy thief round Grosvenor Square, "seize him by the collar with both hands, shake him violently", and then administer "so powerful a smack on the face as to send him off the pavement staggering".

There can thus be no doubt that Johnson was a convinced, even violent, Jacobite, and that he had both the physique and the temperament to engage in such an enterprise as the Forty-Five. It is now necessary to turn to the consideration of certain facts which may be interpreted to throw some light upon his movements at that time.

FIRST of all there is the remarkable circumstance, to which allusion has already been made, that the published correspondence of Johnson does not contain a single letter written by him during the years 1745-46. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, to which he was so regular a contributor both before and after 1745, contains nothing from his pen during the period in question. There is no account of what he was doing, or even where he was, at this time, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the explanation must lie in some work or enterprise which cut him off from the rest of the world. Boswell's interpretation that Johnson was so absorbed in the plan of his Dictionary that he was unable to write is not easy to credit, for he did not behave in this fashion when he was actually engaged upon his great work, since it was then that he published *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, *The Rambler*, *The Adventurer*, and *The Life of Cave*.

Rather more light is shed on the problem by a letter which Johnson's old friend Gilbert Walmsley wrote to Garrick on 3rd November, 1746, in which he said, "I esteem Mr. Johnson as a great genius quite lost both to himself and the world". Had the Doctor been "out", and was then in hiding, this sentence would be extremely apposite.

NEXT, there was the case of Francis Stewart's pocket book. Johnson made the acquaintance of Francis Stewart sometime before the Forty-Five, and he was one of the three Scotsmen engaged to help in the compilation of the Dictionary. Stewart had previously been arrested during the Porteous Riot in Edinburgh in 1736, and although this disturbance was not Jacobite in origin the supporters of the exiled dynasty were by no means unwilling to fan the flames. Stewart died in 1780, and Boswell was instructed by Johnson to buy the dead man's pocket book, which he did for one guinea, but it was apparently not the pocket-book that the Doctor wanted so much as a letter which it contained, and which he described as "of consequence to me alone". Indeed, he valued it so highly that four years later he paid Stewart's sister another guinea to obtain it.

It is at first sight by no means clear why Johnson should have been so anxious to obtain possession of this letter, the contents of which he never divulged. At the time that he bought it the letter must have been at least four years old, and it could not have been of value if it related to some bygone business matter, while if it was concerned with a subject of general interest he would surely have told Boswell. In these circumstances one is tempted to wonder whether the letter related to something which Johnson was unwilling should be

known, possibly to his behaviour in the Forty-Five.

THERE is also the equally curious affair of Levet, whose acquaintance Johnson made, according to his own account, "about the year 1746". Levet had been a waiter in a Paris *café*, but he had somehow acquired a little medical knowledge, and he like to describe himself as Dr. Levet, though in fact he was the merest quack. He seems to have come to England not long before Johnson met him, and it is by no means improbable that he was a Jacobite emissary of some sort, though there is no definite proof. He was certainly an odd companion for the Doctor. Boswell says that he was of grotesque appearance, and that he seldom uttered a word when others were present. Hawkins called him "the lowest practitioner in the art of healing that ever drew a livelihood from it. . . . His visage was swarthy, adust and corrugated". Even Johnson once admitted that "Levet's external appearance and behaviour were such that he disgusted the rich and terrified the poor".

Yet Levet lived for years on Johnson and in his house: when he died the Doctor commended his loyalty:

> Well tried through many a varying year
> See Levet to the grave descend,
> Officious, innocent, sincere,
> Of every friendless name the friend.
> His virtues walked their narrow round
> Nor made a pause or left a void,
> And sure the eternal Master found
> His single talent well employed.

WHAT exactly there was about Levet which appealed to Johnson was as much hidden from contemporaries as it has been from posterity. Boswell once attempted a cross-examination of Levet and was sharply rebuked by the Doctor for his pains. If, on the other hand, the ex-waiter possessed some dangerous knowledge of Johnson's political activities about the time they first met, then the puzzle is solved. Even if Levet be acquitted of any desire to blackmail, it is known that at times he was given to excessive drinking, and however loyal he may have been at heart he might easily have talked too much when he was in his cups. It was only by keeping such a man under his eye that Johnson could be sure of him.

Another mysterious episode was the visit to the Hebrides, which the Doctor made at the age of seventy-three. From his habits and interests one can easily imagine how much Johnson would have enjoyed a sojourn in the literary society of Edinburgh, but the bleak and forbidding Hebrides is another matter. As we know, while he was there he showed the greatest enthusiasm for anything connected with Charles Edward, and the culminating point of the whole expedition was the meeting with Flora Macdonald. In short, the trip appears to have been a Jacobite pilgrimage, and if Johnson did take an active part in the Forty-Five he may well have wished to revive old acquaintances with some of his companions who were still alive, as well as to visit the scenes connected with the Prince's wanderings after Culloden. Admittedly it would be easy to read too much into this episode, but taken in conjunction with Johnson's other Jacobite activities it is not without significance.

LASTLY, there is the problem of the Doctor's musket, sword, and belt, Boswell attempts to explain them by the statement:

> Johnson was once drawn to serve in the Militia, the trained bands of the City of London, and Mr. Rackstraw, of the Museum in Fleet Street, was his Colonel. It may be believed he did not serve in person, but upon that occasion provided himself with a musket, sword and belt, which I have seen hanging in his closet.

So far, so good; Johnson may have been drawn for the trainbands, but Boswell gives no dates, nor does he record any conversation with the Doctor on the subject. Yet had

he actually served it is difficult to believe that he would not have said something about it, especially in 1779 when he went to stay with Bennett Langton in Worley Camp.

All the same the existence of these weapons hidden in a closet (why were they not more prominently displayed?) cannot fail to arouse curiosity. Even a rich man would hardly rush off to buy a musket, a sword and a belt before he had at least been called up, and no one would be issued with them until then. There can be no doubt that during the whole of the time he was of military age Johnson was in serious financial difficulties. In 1755 Boswell describes his circumstances as wretched and indigent, while in the following year he was actually arrested for debt, and was helped out of his trouble by Samuel Richardson, not for the first time. It was not until the receipt of his pension in 1762 that Johnson's pecuniary condition began to improve. Such being the case, it is perhaps not too fanciful to suggest that these weapons were a relic of the Forty-Five, which would explain both Boswell's omission of dates and the Doctor's reticence.

AGAINST this cumulative evidence there can only be adduced the statement of Boswell that he and Bennett Langton had heard Johnson say that if holding up his right hand could have brought about a Jacobite victory at Culloden he was not sure that he would have held it up. This proves nothing. By the time of Culloden the Forty-Five had failed, and even if Charles Edward had defeated Cumberland there the agony would only have been prolonged, for the final result was not in doubt. That may well have been all that Johnson meant.

Such are the arguments in favour of the theory that the Doctor was implicated in the Forty-Five. By themselves the incidents to which attention has been drawn may not, perhaps, appear to be of great significance, but collectively they would appear to point to one conclusion.

CONCERT INTERRUPTED

IN drops like water distilled music falls
From a man's brain and hand, as fresh as when
The clavier echoed against panelled walls,
The tempered clavier John Sebastian played.

The green and listening silence presses in
With all the essence of the summer night,
Lime blossom and dust, slaked by warm rain,
And the hot perfume of sun-blistered wood,
Until the snarling plane, whose steady roar
Cancels the delicate notes, grinds separate
Sounds to one discord, death, and hate, and war,
Man's descent and man's defeat made plain,

Then, as the dwindling iron beat of wings
Fades, the still, sharp notes slip back again,
Healing, as when to parched fields, the storm brings
The first fresh whispers of returning rain.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH.

THREE MEMORABLE DAYS

1894 • 1918 • 1950

By GUY PAGET

1894

THE QUORN

will meet at

Friday 14th .. BARKBY HALL

Saturday 15th .. COPT OAK

11 a.m.

LONSDALE

EHEU! EHEU! What days! What horses! What women! What men!

It's a Friday in December in the year 1894 and the meet is at Barkby Hall.

About 10.45 the folk begin to arrive. First comes the Squire's gamekeeper, but all the game he has is just enough to keep his foxes. Then the earth stoppers from Beeby, Scraptoft and Brookesby. Soon from all sides can be seen dots of scarlet and white, a few with someone in black. A very small boy and a smart groom arrive. Not many children hunted on Fridays with the Quorn, the field was both too big and too rough. Farther away, one or two figures in loose fawn coats are galloping along at 20 miles an hour on covert hacks. A cluster of six or eight figures in velvet caps and scarlet coats, each riding a thoroughbred chestnut with long tails and leading another. These are the Hunt second horsemen. Then there is a rattle of chains and behold a bright yellow hearse-like carriage, drawn by four chestnuts, ridden at a spank pace by yellow-coated postillions in real beaver top-hats.

But this strange equipage carries no mandarin's corpse, but 25 couples of the Quorn hounds. It is followed by another four-horse carriage with a grim-faced man with a straight mouth, and little side whiskers under a velvet cap. He looks as if he felt out of place, for it is Tom Ferr the greatest huntsman of his day, compelled to come to the meet, like any rich lady, but the Master was right; Tom is well past the fifty mark and is hunting hounds six days a week over one of the biggest, in both senses, counties in England.

MEN and women seem to spring from the ground, the empty space in front of the Hall five minutes ago is now like a barrack square. There are at least 250 men in scarlet coats and spotless leathers, perhaps fifty lovely ladies, the married ones in tall hats, the girls in " Billy-Cokes". Then again in black, blue and brown are the yeomanry of Leicestershire, perhaps a hundred. The stockiners from Leicester, Syston and Loughborough are out on foot in their hundreds.

But where is the Master? No need to fear, he won't be late or early. He knows his cue and won't miss it. Listen, here are two more dashing yellow postillions and four: the noble Earl and his brother are here. The church clock strikes as, with a courtly bow, his lordship steps down from his carriage as the clock ceases, he again salutes his field from his horse. A word to his host, a word to hunstmen, he waves away the footmen with trays and the butler with decanters—for all his magnificence the Earl is a hard liver.

Out of the house stream a company, who have regaled themselves with a snack after a two- or three-hour's ride, for few wasted money on carriage horses or even hacks these days, and it's not easy for a second horseman to open gates, when he has two fresh horses, and all the by-roads were gated round Melton in those days. In Leicestershire

hunting is the business. No sit-down knife-and-fork of Mr. Jorrocks of Handley Cross or the Surrey's. Ten minute law, while Lonsdale collects information and looks over the pack, for, under all his ostentation and swagger, he was a real workman and one of the best twenty heavyweights in England, though he'd ask who the others were! A wonderful man, spent money like water, but was no fool; he neither drank nor gambled. He lived like a prince and dearly loved the plaudits of the crowd.

What he will go down to fame for will be not his magnificence or his horsemanship, but his romances. He was not a liar in the ordinary sense, but he imagined things, such as riding a varying number of Grand National winners. Once, when confronted with the real rider, he passed it over "Quite right, my dear fellow, it was in your name I rode. You know that yellow paint on my carriages, the real Imperial Chinese yellow, only I and the Emperor may have it. He sends me half a hundredweight every year".

TIME'S up! Five hundred of the best riders and horses in the world, and the women, Ladies Warwick, Wilton, Westmorland, Gussey Fane, Angela Forbes, Mrs. Burns Hartop, Miss Hilda Paget, the most lovely. In orderly disorder this pageant passes by, careless, happy and brilliant. Bringing up the rear is another yellow vehicle, this time driven from the box. Good heavens! Not a deer cart, surely! No, indeed, it's the horse ambulance designed by the Master, but no more popular with his field than his equally well-meant new Quorn Hunt button, most of which was taken up with his coronet!

Barkby Holt holds some good foxes but the "stockiners" have posted themselves on all points of vantage and enable a small boy on a black pony to see all the fun and be duly blooded in solemn form by his lordship and Tom Ferr, and present the hunstman with a real golden sovereign his father had entrusted him with for this great occasion.

Barkby Holt, Ashby Pastures, the Hoby Vale, Billesdon Coplow, the Curate, Rankesborough Gorse, Belvoir Vale, Melton Spinneys. Link them together, you lucky ones, who can, and ride again on that good horse Memory, who never falls or gets into wire, but sails on in front till we change on to Dream, not always so well mannered!

1918

A SEPTEMBER morning in the year 1918. The meet is at the Castle of Rasilaine, a Norman specimen, almost perfect; it stands in a plain with hills on one side and the sea on the other.

The Field are a little different in appearance from their fathers, whom we left jogging off from Barkby Holt twenty years ago, but they all have a pair of riding breeches on and damn little else! Some are wearing puttees and spurs as well.

The Master, a gunner Major, if he has not a red coat, has a very red skin, as have several of his Field. He is riding a beautiful sixteen-hand mule. On his head is an Australian hat with a jackal's brush in it, and in lieu of a crop he carries a cavalry sword, both looted. The Field does not number more than about a score. The Brigadier has a shirt and a red hat, and carries a polo stick. The vet. is there with his gun to deal with any broken legs and certify they would have died of sand colic! You see, hunting the jack is not carried on quite the same as the fox.

THE pack are very mixed, even a fox-hound is there, Monarch, the sole survivor of three couples. Just as the gang-plank of a transport was being raised, a soldier ran up dragging three couples of hounds addressed to General Allenby. There was no time to argue, as the soldier had vanished and the Bull was not a man to be lightly irritated. The gunner Major had, moreover, volunteered to look after them, and was still

doing so! The rest of the pack can only be described as dogs, and several as only just!

Every man in the motley crew carried an offensive weapon of sorts from the aiming post of the gunner to a stirrup iron on the end of a leather favoured by the P.B.I., a formidable toy in a street fight and more deadly than its sister the "Belt", or the pick-helves of the sappers. The rifle and bayonet had proved too heavy and hard to fall on.

The country is open, black cotton soil. Here and there an orange grove or patch of stubble. It is intersected by wadis varying from inches to yards in depth and width. Then there are cracks quite big enough to break a leg and a neck. They just don't bear thinking about, or you'd have stopped at home.

The first draw is a big wadi full of thick scrub. Into this the pack is flung. A guard is put across the top to stop the jack breaking for the hills, which even this hunt votes quite unrideable.

THE rest of the field take station in two's and three's down each side of the wadi. Soon the hunt is up, there are at least two litters on foot. The old vixen is first to break. One of the "stirrup bearers" rode hard at her and made a sweeping stroke at her, but only succeeded in bringing his horse down. Then a cub breaks between the Major and the General. They're old hands and give it some law to get well away before it jinked. Both ride wide but gradually close in. After about half a mile the pace told, and the General jinks it across the Major, who, however, misses it, but is soon on its brush again, twice more he misses with his point before sending it across to the General, who brings off a lovely near-side drive that put paid to the jack's account this side of heaven.

The stirrup bearers have claimed a brace and a half. Monarch's deep voice can be heard. He's running hard some way off. Scent must be breast high. Away they all gallop toward the finest music in the world.

AT last they spied him, going due north accompanied by three or four of the more or less respectable pie-dogs and a couple of real terriers. Several infantry posts cheered them on as they leap or scramble over some trenches and through the passages in the wire. He's a straight-necked old jack and knows where he wants to go, but he had done himself too well scavenging round the lines all the summer, and had had a bit of stuffing taken out by a couple of yeoboys with swords. Nor did he know the pace and nose of his now pursuer, so lingers too long.

Monarch is tied to the scent, a regular Belvoir Burst, jack lays down behind a rock but a terrier has him on his legs in a second, and it's "from a view to a kill" in the open. The excited field ride up, never had they had such a hunt, but where, oh where, are they? A staff officer, who happens to have his glasses on his saddle pulls them out to have a look round. By jove! What? Turkish trenches, not a thousand yards off! Damn sporting of Johnny not to fire. What? What was that? "Look out, boys, he's throwing a brick!" A small shell lands about two hundred yards beyond them. A regular *sauve qui peut*, in which the due rights of the mort are neglected, but no more shells follow, so they soon slow up but continue to retire in open order. They are quite three miles beyond their outpost line.

THEY had been going about half an hour, when they heard a plane behind them. It's flying straight for them and low. The Vet.'s humane killer and a couple of swords are not much use against machine-guns in the open. They had closed up, but now can only scatter again, as the plane dived straight at the General. As it passed a few feet over his head the pilot throws a hand-grenade wrapped in paper which fails to go off. On careful examination by the sapper (they can never leave good alone), it's found to be a stone with a message, which read "We don't mind you breaking your necks, if you like to, but no reconnaissance with glasses

or we fire". Jolly sporting! Next day, the brush, which Monarch had brought in, and the offending glasses were dropped with an apology.

On regaining their lines they recover the remains of the pack, which had found something very dead in the wadi.

The Hunt's over Monarch places himself in front of the Major, ignoring the rest of the dogs, stern up, he sets the pace for home as if it were Belvoir Castle. He gives a touch of dignity to what would otherwise have been a horrid rabble.

But who had enjoyed themselves the most? These half-naked ragamuffins on jackasses, or the *crème de la crème* away for Hungerton Foxholes?

1950

MOST educated people have, at some time or other, read White-Melville, and will remember the opening chapter of *Homby House*, in which he describes a run from Sulby Covert, nearly 100 years ago.

To-day the Hall stands empty and derelict, and the stables, which once housed the horses of four Pytchley masters, are now cowsheds; but the Pytchley are met there, but no footmen with salvers are serving cherry brandy, nor is there a hogshead of ale in the yard!

The Field is very different from that described by White-Melville in the 'sixties or the one that met Lord Lonsdale at Barkby Hall in '94. Though the Pytchley to-day is again under a Lowther, you will see no yellow carriages and fours, nor sixteen perfectly-matched chestnut hunters with as many scarlet-coated servants. Gone, too—possibly a blessing—the fleet of motor-cars, which before the war formed such a feature of hunting. They are replaced by a few aeroplanes. To-day you will see, perhaps, a couple of cars and four or five very shabby horseboxes. Colonel Jack Lowther, his son and Major Peter Borwick, grandson of Bay Middleton, turn their men out in workmanlike manner, but no frills, no scarlet second horsemen.

MRS. LOWTHER upholds the tradition of her father, and is supported by Mrs. Malcolm Borwick, Mrs. Hornby, and one or two more. Lord Annaly, up to 1914, when he handed over his Cap and Horn to Sir Charles Lowther, would not tolerate any lady riding astride, nor a velvet cap on any but ex-masters and farmers to whom the Black P.B. Button had been awarded. The ladies in those days would hardly be more than thirty per cent of the field; now it's the other way about. The children, too, have increased, both in quantity and quality. You will find no grooms here at Sulby looking after pampered little pets, the majority have to do their own steeds, and often their mother's too, while she gets the meal ready. Gymkhanas have raised the standard of riding, and you'll see very little recklessness: more's the pity! For, as Goodall said, "you can lick the devil out of a puppy, but not into him," and the same goes with a child.

The field to-day consists of about 100, half of whom are from the farms, perhaps another thirty per cent are children. The old 'uns are very old (especially amongst the men), and the young 'uns very young. Too many are either dead or earning their living, for the two wars have dealt harshly with the Pytchley Field. You will notice, too, that the horses look older, nor do their coats shine like mirrors as of yore.

AS the "cowshed" clock strikes 11.15, Colonel Lowther, after consultation with the aged owner, moves up the Sibbertoft drive to draw Pearsons New Plantation, planted between the wars. Halfway up the avenue, where the oaks give way to the chestnuts, are two great black hangars. Beyond (covering what was once that good country between Bosworth and Sulby) a flat, empty plain scored across by rotting black concrete runways.

The plantations being blank, a move is made to the Reservoir, but just on the chance, the old owner suggests they run through the Old Covert, more as a jesture of defiance than a serious hope, that any self-respecting fox would kennel in a covert backed on to on three sides by a tin slum inhabited by Poles! The days are long enough to tire one, not too well fed, horse, for forage is far from easy, so why not humour the old man? He pilots the Field through a maze of iron huts and wire fences. At the handgate overlooking Naseby Field, where the three rivers, Welland, Nene and Avon rise, flowing east, south and west, he takes up his post where he has halloed away many a good fox but not to-day.

What's that! The well-known and none too melodious view hallo! Another good fox gone away* unchallenged over the cream of the country.

The November mist is rising, but still lies in little puffs, Cromwell's Smoke, the country people call it, now it looks as though war was on again, and the planes which have just dived down to see the fun, had dropped their eggs, just where Prince Rupert led his cavalry 300 years ago, and where this fox is now leading us.

AWAY over the long post and rail out of Big Baxters, where Astley's Oxford Blues put up their last stand, into the field, where by local tradition Oliver Cromwell is buried, down into the valley over another branch of the Avon at "Guy's Short Cut", now slighted by a good gate: thank God! Hounds take the line up the age-old double thorn hedges whence Oakey's dragoons peppered Rupert's horse as they returned from their unsuccessful raid on the baggage, too late to save the day, they had almost won. Here hounds check. Stanley Barker gives them a minute, then casts on to The Woollies, but failing to recover the line, wheels left to the quarry, where many a fox has saved his brush, but the trusty earth-stopper was there last night, and the door's locked, so on for Naseby Covert, hounds carry the line across the road by the New Memorial. The covert is not, however, entered, but passed on the left, and so up to the Old Memorial re-erected by Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar Khayyám, as a warning to kings to shun arbitrary power and people hasty rebellion.

UP to here the pace had been good, but the war-time plough proved heavy going. One could no longer ride with the old certainty, that there was no wire, but had to follow the old owner. Beyond the monument it was a case of looking before you leap, till hounds reached the Haselbeech estate and on to Cottesbrooke, whose owners have somehow managed to clear their domains. But scent declines. Perhaps they changed in Persers Hills, they can make little of it over the ploughed-up Cottesbrooke Cow Pastures, and have to be given up near where Crown Hill Spinney stood, before it went to build stout ships.

The old man had slipped out of the Deer Park, which has no deer, over one of Reggie's jumping places, followed by his excited grandson.

"Best hunt I've ever seen, granpa, never saw a strand of wire." He's been in the old man's pocket, and he, like "Uncle Ebenezer knows the way", every bally inch of it! "Have you ever seen a better hunt? Sunlock jumped everything."

"No, my son, never," replied the old man, remembering not the Badby Wood hunt, but a kill at Barkby Holt when Victoria was queen.

AS hounds draw Moss Hall, a shrill voice is heard informing a gang of "long-leavers". "My grandfather says it's the best

* Before a hound speaks in covert.

run he's ever seen, and he was first in the Badby Wood (1911) hunt."

"Sure it wasn't the Waterloo (1873) and Billesdon Coplow (1801)?" enquires a well-read but envious friend.

So history is written, and this seven-mile point in 50 minutes will still be oft reported "forty years on" as the best run, and so it was to him then and for ever!

THE UNREDEEMING TIDES OF TIME

THE unredeeming tides of time
Deface the sandscroll histories of the heart
And break with distant thunder on
The shores of memory.
The endless, the relentless tides
Crack sunproud peaks of aspiration, inspiration
And the crystal glaciers of hope and love:
These crumble and the sand becomes their shroud.

So, remembering you and our love,
These days of racing tides,
Making a time-smooth seashell of the heart
And ravening with foam-wreathed mouths
Over my summer shore,
I fortify the peaks, the glaciers
With pebbles, glass and coral from that beach
And with austere rocks of resolve.

Remembering you whose radiance touches
All my glaciers, who are
Sun to my moon giving light
And life and movement,
I do not feel the tides within, without
And submarine, but weaponless, lies doubt:
Nor do I seek a surge-racked tidal harbour
For I have here, impregnable to time,
The vistas of your hills of light to climb
And tideless shores of living dreams to reap.

R. L. Cook.

PUFFIN IN FLIGHT *(C. A. Gibson-Hill)*

WATCHING PUFFINS

By RICHARD PERRY

THERE was, I remember, a dank mist billowing in off the sea that morning, when I chanced upon one of those scenes of which a naturalist dreams. I was out towards the north end of the fabulous island of Lundy, a dozen odd miles from the nearest shore of the Bristol channel, when, on clambering over a seawards slanting ridge of crags, I found myself on a steep green slope, or siding, cushioned with turf and humps of sea-pink and littered over a great part of its surface with a jumble of rocks and boulders fallen from the crags above. Yesterday, the siding had been lifeless. To-day I was amazed to find myself a spectator of a seemingly endless flighting of puffins, who circled continually over the slope in massed thousands, while hundreds more stood about in ones or twos on the boulders and on the grassy plots among the scree.

For hours I lay half-hidden behind a rock, charmed by this impressive homecoming; and for all those hours an unbroken column of red-beaked, red-legged puffins hurtled with menacing directness at my boulder, like streams of tracer bullets, radiating out to their respective boulder landing-grounds on a front of seventy yards up and down the siding. Though swaying from side to side on the blast of the gale, into which they maintained their perpetual flight, they sheered off easily, without shock, from that particular landing-ground manned by myself, with a soft fluttering of short wings, as they heeled over and planed down to the sea with a fine turn of speed, the short black leaf-points of their spread tails projecting fanwise on either side of scarlet or orange "paddles".

SOME, hovering cleverly with flickering wings and red legs down, pitch neatly on to their boulders, bowed forward into the wind, with their great beaks tilted a little and their wings lifted for several seconds well

above their backs, before standing four-square on those webbed red feet, whose gay colouring contrasts vividly with the dull green and yellow lichen staining the grey granite. But they soon take off again and "dive" down the slope with delicately quivering wings, clasped red feet stretched out behind, and circle swiftly out over the sea, often mounting to four or five hundred feet, to rejoin the perpetually flighting throng of their fellows.

Once in a while hundreds, sometimes thousands, including those from underground burrows, spontaneously take flight and "shoal" out to sea in a black and silver cloud; and though three or four thousand of them may alight on the sea, there is no apparent diminution in the numbers of those remaining on the slope. Others circle back over the slope again, to alight on or near their boulders, up whose sheer, though gritty, sides they "run" with the aid of raised wings. Some make a tumbling touchdown on the grassy terraces. Down these, from one to another, they run and hop very nimbly, with a comical air of caution, due to the fact that their beaks are depressed against their breasts and their wings clasped tightly to their sides.

TO sit among these thousands of puffins, continually alighting and taking off, a dozen perhaps standing or sitting on a single boulder, preening or dozing with heads tucked back into wings, has been one of my supreme experiences as a naturalist. For once among birds I was not an object of fearful suspicion, but merely of curiosity. These puffins were just returned from the Atlantic wastes. The thousands present on Puffin Slope had only recently been scattered far and wide over the ocean. Yet here they were, now, ringing me about, a score or more in a seven foot circle around me, conducting their various little intimacies, indifferent to my presence, so suspect to most wild birds. For the first time, I was conscious of what was perhaps man's true relationship with beasts and birds. Here was tranquillity: a world removed from the eternal discord and sordid commerce between man and man and between nations. Here was that peace which the world of men cannot give, that peace which he must ever be blasting with his inherent lust for killing: whether it be his own kind with cannon and bombs, or birds with shot-gun and rifle.

And what I had hardly dared to hope for eventually happened, when first two and then three puffins alighted on the boulder against which I was sitting and, not content with that, pattered very easily up its far side, with the aid of their small black claws, to examine me more closely from its apex. One, indeed, pattered down to its nearest edge and there couched down on his white breast, without betraying any uneasiness at my small movements. And then, to crown my delight, another settled by its side, and the two squatted facing me, their feathers intermingled, so close that I had only to stretch out my hand to touch them.

BY his confidence and uniquely engaging ways the puffin was to make a stronger appeal to me and leave a deeper impression on my mind than any other bird, excepting, for different reasons, the remarkable guillemot. His every small mannerism and oddity of plumage is graven on the retina of my memory—the black pupil and sparkling red-brown iris of his eye, set deeply in its bright terracotta orbital ring, and this again within an embossed slate-coloured triangle. A thin grey crease slants up from the apex of his eye, while a second crease runs back from it across the white sweep of his protuberant cheek, which is tinged with a pleasant smoke-grey blush. It is not a comical eye, as has been suggested, but soft and limpid and startlingly lively and intelligent, when contrasted, for example, with the hard cold eyes of gulls. At the base of his smoke-grey beak, with its huge carmine coulter-neb, ribbed with pale-horn transverse ridges, is a soft peach-coloured rosette of folded skin: a bright disk of colour above his grey chin. His rusty black mantle

shows a sealskin gloss in the sun, which, shining through the membranes of his webbed feet, lights them up a glowing scarlet or orange. This also is the startling hue of his blacked-gartered legs.

It was not until the early afternoon, that that perpetual circling over the slope and out over the sea terminated, with the exodus to sea of the majority of the puffins. But for a long while after this, there were puffins popping out from burrows and whirring past me down the slope, rocketing swiftly seawards. The previous evening a single puffin—and he the first home from eight months at sea—had flighted over the siding, but had quickly vanished out to sea again. Where had these thousands of puffins passed the winter?

I WONDER how many millions of puffins there are in the North Atlantic? It is true that one tends to exaggerate very greatly the numbers of sea birds at their breeding colonies, on account of their habit of congregating in thousands. On Lundy, for example, there were in actual fact, according to my necessarily somewhat rough estimate of a burrow-nesting species, a mere seven thousand puffins. Thus, when colonies on other islands and groups of islands are said to contain hundreds of thousands or even "millions" of puffins, we must probably scale some of these down to tens of thousands. That, however, in some places the puffins' breeding colonies do approach astronomical numbers is shown by the fowling records of, for example, the Faeroe Isles where, according to Kenneth Williamson in his absorbing book, *The Atlantic Islands*, the *annual* catch of puffins is of the order of four or five hundred thousand! Moreover, this vast slaughter does not in any way impair the breeding strength of the Faeroe puffinries. When you consider further

PUFFINS AND A RAZORBILL *(Richard Perry)*

that there are innumberable colonies of puffins on both shores of the Atlantic, from Maine to Greenland on the one side and from Brittany to Novaya Zemlya and Spitzbergen on the other, one marvels, not so much at their total aggregate of millions, but at the quantity of young fish available to feed their multitudes—and the millions of other auks!

Without exception this vast multitude of puffins pass the eight months from August to April in the North Atlantic and adjacent seas, not venturing farther south than the Tropic of Cancer, though penetrating the Mediterranean as far as the Adriatic: their great rendezvous being those wonderful fishing grounds off Newfoundland, the Grand Banks. Considering that these banks are more than two thousand miles by the direct route from the British Isles, we might have supposed those puffins frequenting them to be exclusively American and Western Arctic birds, but for the exciting recovery off Newfoundland on December 20th and 21st, 1939, of two young puffins which had been "ringed" on St. Kilda only the previous August within a week of one another! In view of the fact that the parent puffins do not appear to accompany their young, once the latter fledge, we may well wonder how these young birds reach these traditional winter fishing grounds of their kind, of whose existence they are unaware when they leave their burrows!

ALTHOUGH more than six thousand puffins have been ringed in the British Isles alone, there have been no more recoveries as spectacular as these. Indeed there have been, all told, less than a dozen recoveries away from breeding cliffs and islands. These include fledglings from Sutherland and the Farne Islands, which have been recovered later the same year off southern Norway, and

TWO MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT *(Alan Richardson)*

a breeding adult from Pembrokeshire recovered on the coast of the Gironde two winters later: so we may guess that the seven thousand puffins returning to Lundy at the end of March have made their way home from various parts of the Atlantic, from the Bay of Biscay, and perhaps from the Western Mediterranean.

The vast majority of the latter are certainly fully adult birds: for the Faeroese fowlers, once again, are convinced that the puffin does not begin to breed until it is at least four years old—though there is an interesting record of a young Skokholm puffin which was recovered on that Welsh Island in July, twelve months after being ringed there as a nestling. No young Faeroe puffins, however, have been recovered until in their third year, all these return to their native colonies. This is by no means always the case. A French nestling, for example, was recovered, during the breeding season, in the Scilly Isles two years after ringing; while of sixteen young puffins ringed in Iceland, every one was recovered two or three seasons later at *different* colonies in Iceland: whereas of twenty adults, fifteen were recovered at their ringing places up to seven years later. Similarly, some scores of Orkney adults have all been recovered where ringed.

Although no puffin has been recovered more than eight years after ringing, Kenneth Williamson records an albino puffin which was reported to have returned to the same Faeroese colony for sixty years! Even though it did not land to breed during the last ten years of its life, this potential longevity as a breeding bird explains why the puffins are able to stand up to the tremendous slaughter to which they are subjected in the Faeroes, and to multiply, despite the fact that they lay only one egg in a clutch.

WITH these facts in mind, let us return to Lundy, where after a week or so of coming and going, the newly returned puffins settled down to onshore life, though not yet to their main purpose of reproduction, for it would be late in April or early in May before any of them laid their eggs. For hours at a time I could sit among them on Puffin Slope, a fascinating and more or less disregarded spectator of a scene unlike any other in the world of birds. From all directions there sounded continually a gruff, bass-voiced *haa-haa*: an elusive and very properly sepulchral groan, for it proceeded mainly from those puffins grubbing about underground in turfy burrows or rock tunnels beneath the boulders. From time to time an enquiring gaudy bill and white cheek would appear at the sunlit entrance to a dark burrow, over which a second puffin stands guard outside, its owner disappearing into the burrow again on espying me; or another, much dishevelled, her white belly earth-stained, would suddenly emerge, visibly panting from her underground exertions; while others, both cock and hen, go in and out of burrows with beakfuls of grasses.

On the Slope itself might be seen the delightful and exclusively puffinesque spectacle of hundreds of these little "sea-parrots" dancing, as shifting leisurely from one red foot to the other, they pad slowly and importantly up and down, like parrots, while pacing slowly and very erectly forward; and it soon became apparent that every puffin alighting on the Slope was likely to provoke another, already *in situ*, to dance and also to rap beaks with him. This very vigorous and prolonged "kissing" remains my most vivid memory of puffins. It entailed much pattering around one another of the participants: for they would get down to it like a couple of boxers, crouching and weaving, each pushing and rapping his hard horny beak right along the other's.

AS incubation gets into full swing in May these various entertaining activities, and many more there is not space to mention here, subside somewhat and the next novelty comes in the middle of June when, one morning, a few puffins are to be seen flying over the Slope with beakfuls of tiny silvery fish. After

five or six weeks' incubation, the young puffins have hatched. The fishing parent might bring up as many as eight fish at a time, packed tightly one upon another in his huge beak, the hindermost being tucked away in between those elastic folds of skin at its base, and all neatly arranged, head against tail, down the length of his mandibles. Although this ingenious method of packing was employed by nine fishers out of ten, it was not invariable. Most of the fishers took a considerable time to make up their minds about alighting at their burrows, and might circle over the Slope as many as ten times, before finally pitching down and scuttling into their burrows, emerging again, fishless, after about a minute.

Examining one burrow, after the fisher's exit, I found the nestling three feet down a chamber under a rock, industriously gulping down a succession of fish, which it picked up from the floor of the chamber, tossing them up with great gusto before swallowing, to a chorus of deep contented grunts. A strange little object, the nestling puffin, with its tufts of black "fur", beady dark-blue eyes, and broad greyish beak.

BY the middle of July the vast majority of puffins had finished bringing up fish for their young, and spent the greater part of the day at sea, returning in the evening to mass on the Slope in their thousands. The last stage of this colourful summer was approaching, for in another three weeks all the adults would have set out on their ocean wanderings once more, leaving their young ones to make their own way down to the sea, as best they could, under cover of darkness. Young guillemots and razorbills, gannets and fulmar petrels, all these I had watched setting forth on this great adventure: but the young puffins? . . . On Lundy, not one! So let us voyage some six hundred miles farther north to the little island of Noss on the east coast of Shetland, where there are perhaps two thousand puffins.

It is eight o'clock on the evening of August 10—for the puffins return a month later to these northern islands, and there is a consequent lag in their breeding time-table. A thousand puffins are flying over the steep slope of a little amphitheatre of boulder-strewn thrift hollowed out of the great cliffs. One even has a beakful of fish. A gull is standing on a rock at the cliff edge of the amphitheatre waiting, I thought—remembering the young guillemots and razorbills—waiting his chance to gobble up the young puffins, when they venture forth from their burrows and tumble down the slope to the sea. Sure enough, five minutes later just when the sun is setting and only a few hundred old puffins are left on the slope, a young one appears at the entrance to its burrow under a big boulder, from which two adults peer down at it; but two minutes later, it enters its burrow again, emerging once more twenty minutes later, followed by one parent. By 8.45 p.m., when the light is failing and only half-a-dozen adults are left, no more than four young puffins have appeared, and all have gone back into their burrows again.

TWO nights later I try again. At seven o'clock there is the customary full house of adults, and a quarter of an hour later a young one makes its appearance, in company with both parents, with one of whom it rubs beaks. Three more appear during the next hour, all of whom have parents with them, but after a little wing-flapping soon go underground again. By nine o'clock, when it is growing dusk, there are no puffins, either young or old on the slope—the gull had abandoned its vigil half-an-hour earlier—and I was tormented by clouds of midges, but determined to see the matter through to the end.

The next two hours and a half proved an intolerable ordeal of torture by midges, as I was unable to shift my position, but was without incident, except for an adult puffin emerging from a burrow at ten o'clock. At 11.30 p.m., when the midges had almost finished with me, and my eyes were sore from peering hour after hour into the twilight, I

felt pretty certain that one of the young ones was moving about at the entrance to its burrow. Though nothing transpired, this encouraged me to continue my vigil. A quarter of an hour later an adult "groaned", and ten minutes after midnight another flighted over the amphitheatre; but after five and a half hours I confessed myself beaten and left at 12.30 a.m., when a fellow auk, a guillemot, on the sea below was still calling vainly to *its* young one to come down from cliff ledge and join it.

SO the young puffins have beaten me—for the present. Other observers have stated that their parents desert them in their burrows, from which they will not emerge until the actual night of their fledging, a week or ten days after being abandoned, and have seen the young ones going down to the sea shortly after dusk has fallen. Certainly, one never sees a fledgling puffin on the sea accompanied by an adult. Yet here were these young Shetland puffins emerging from their burrows in company with their parents, though four days later nearly all the latter had left Noss for good, but certainly not going down to the sea. There is some little mystery here, which I shall hope to solve one day.

THE LAST SHEPHERD

(Sheep are now seldom seen on the Downs, for young men will not become shepherds; the trade is too hard and too lonely.)

ON these cold downs he, the last shepherd, stands
Watching the dwindled flocks his father led
In thousands, that over the short, thyme-sweetened grass
Spread in an ochre cloud, and with their bells
Roused the larks to leap from the dews to the sun,

And blowing on his frozen hands, he looks
To where, beyond the high green citadels,
Before the Romans came, an unknown race
Stood watch, their wood fires quenched, their sheepcotes barred,
The stars above, the huddled flock below,

As once, under an icy desert moon
Herdsmen saw into their charted skies
A new star creep, then blaze in lonely splendour,
And following it a Shepherd, too, they found,
To whom first beast, then man bowed down his head.

But now, too lonely and too hard the trade.
We hug the valleys, the hills too high and cold.
In vain the flocks, in vain the huddled sheep
Bleat from their uplands, few will follow Him
And hold the crook, or bear His kindred Cross.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH.

Short Story

THE LITTLE GUNNER

By VERNON HEATON

LITTLE Peter lifted the lid of the empty water-butt in which he lay hidden, and gazed out along the planking of the gun-deck. For days now, ever since he had run away from home and stowed away aboard the King's Ship, he had kept himself clear of the ship's Officers. It had not taken long before the gunners had discovered him, but they had quickly taken the twelve-year-old boy to their rude hearts and preserved his secret, sharing their rations with him, giving him the run of the gun-deck when the Officers were on the poop or the main deck, and generally treating him as their mascot.

Little Peter ducked his head again as he heard the sudden patter of bare feet, as the men started running to their stations at the call of the Officers, and from the practices he had watched during the past few days, he knew that they were streaming to their places at their cannon ready for action. The boy had seen the gunners at work every day since the ship had set sail from its home port, to patrol the English Channel. He had already decided that his future career would be that of a frigate's gunner, and he had absorbed the rudiments of the trade while being thrilled beyond belief, each time the long row of cannon had belched forth their anger across the waters, though until now, the firing had been no more than preparation before meeting the enemy.

The scampering feet warned the boy that something more than practice was on foot this time. It was an unusual thing for the Officers to disturb themselves during the afternoon, and the cries of the Bos'n and the Chief Gunner had more bite in them than he had heard before.

THE sound of feet on the gun-deck soon ceased and a moment later, little Peter heard the clatter as the wooden gun-ports were swung open and the roll of the cannon wheels, as the pieces were trained outboard. Once again he lifted the lid and gazed anxiously along the deck. He saw the men swinging their slow-matches to keep them glowing, the powder kegs broached ready and the stacks of cannon balls, gleaming blackly against the whiteness of the well scrubbed decks. Every eye was turned outwards through the open port-holes towards the distant horizon, and the boy raised himself to his full height in eager anticipation of what lay beyond the wooden bulwarks.

As the ship rolled in the slight swell that was running, he could see at one moment, the sea, and at the next, the blue, cloud free sky, but it was not until the frigate turned in its course, that he saw the object of the men's interest.

With tingling nerves, little Peter suddenly found himself gazing for a moment at the tall wooden sides of a ship of the line, the white, bellying sails of a vessel being driven under pressure and the strange ensign that proclaimed the ship to be French. A moment later, the roll to larboard changed the picture to that of the empty sky, and the boy waited with beating heart, for the counter roll, but he was disappointed as the frigate, still turning under its helm, took the enemy from his view.

LITTLE PETER glanced along the deck once again to make sure that the Officers were above deck at their stations, and for a moment, he determined to jump out of the butt to question one of the gunners, but it seemed to him that their attention was too wraptly engaged to permit them the patience to reply to him. He feared, too, that now danger was abroad, that the men in their rough kindness, might order him below decks out of the way, and as he was loath to miss

one second of the impending battle, he remained where he was, quietly, but eagerly watching for the next move.

The excitement began to die in the boy's breast as time went by and nothing seemed to happen. He heard the scutter of feet overhead as the deck hands rushed to set all sail and to rig the splinter nets, and then, except for the lapping of the waters as the ship cleaved its way forward, silence once again. Nor during this period, did little Peter catch another glimpse of the enemy vessel, and the only movement along the deck was the slow swinging of the gunner's matches.

SUDDENLY, the roar of cannon struck the boy's ears and he bobbed nervously, and then came a crashing overhead as a cannon ball found its mark. A moment later, at the call of the frigate's Chief Gunner, the men suddenly stooped over their pieces, and at a further order, they set their matches to the fuses. Almost as one, the long row of brass cannon roared, spewing flame and metal from their muzzles, and before the cloud of burnt powder had cleared away, the pieces had been rolled back, sponged out, recharged and run forward again, ready for the next cannonade.

Little Peter felt the ship heel over as it turned quickly to bring the larboard guns to bear, and as they in their turn crashed out their defiance, turned back again to its original course. This time the boy caught a second glimpse of the enemy ship through the open gun port, and a moment before it was lost to his view again, he saw the belch of flame from its quarter, followed almost at once by the sound of its cannon. Little Peter ducked in sudden nervousness, and before he could recover, he heard the almost simultaneous discharge of the frigate's broadside and the rending and crashing as the Frenchman's fire tore home.

The boy raised himself urgently, but the momentary haze of powder smoke obscured his view, and as he felt himself tilted forward in the watter-butt, he guessed that the ship was changing course once more. A moment later, a waft of the light breeze lifted the pall of smoke, and his startled eyes saw that the enemy's metal had swept right along the British gun deck. There were great gaps in the bulwarks, cannon were turned over on to their sides, holes appeared in the deck and men lay scattered about, some moaning in agony and others—silent.

UNACCOUNTABLY, the frigate changed course yet again before the larboard guns could be brought to bear, and again the roar of the Frenchman's broadside was followed by a crashing and splintering as the shot found their mark, this time overhead on the upper deck.

The cries of the wounded momentarily drowned the orders from the Officers, but by the excited conversation of two of the gunners near at hand, little Peter learned that the ship's helm had been struck and the vessel was labouring lamely, under its sails, in an effort to go about, while a party of sailors rushed aft to set the damage to rights.

Yet again, the boy was given a view of the enemy ship, this time very much closer, and he was shocked to see that it still appeared to be undamaged, and with anxiety clutching at his heart, he glanced inboard along the frigate's damaged gun deck, to see what reply was to be made to the Frenchman's fire. The gunners that were still capable of serving their pieces were already running the undamaged cannon forward to return the fire, but before the slow matches could be set to the touch-holes, another fusilade from the enemy vessel wreaked havoc along the already sorely tried deck.

Again, little Peter had to wait for the breeze to shift the curtain of smoke, and this time, as the air cleared about the ship, he was appalled to see that the guns had been silenced. Great gaps were torn in the wooden walls, most of the cannon lay at strange angles along the deck and their gunners put out of action. Not a man stood to his piece, and most of them lay scattered around their weapons, wounded or dead.

THE boy jumped from his hiding place, prepared to run to the comparative safety of the unengaged quarter, careless now of being seen by the ship's Officers, but a roll of the vessel sent him staggering over to a gaping wound in the ship's side, and he saw the French vessel towering close by and near enough for him to see the gunners recharging their weapons, with the obvious intention of firing the requiem broadside into the helpless frigate.

The apparent hopelessness of the British warship's plight brought a sudden anger to little Peter, and seeing a match lying on the deck and still glowing, he snatched it up, ran to the nearest cannon still on its carriage and pointing towards the enemy. He sensed that the Frenchman had closed in believing the starboard quarter of the British ship to be undefended, and at that close range the boy did not trouble to resight the cannon. Lighting the fuse, he ran on to the next piece laid ready, set alight to the powder at the touch-hole, and continued his way along the deck, hastily performing the same task at each serviceable piece.

Before he had reached the end of the line, little Peter heard the sharp crack of the piece he had first fired, followed at short intervals by others, but he did not pause or look up from his firing until he had set in operation each available fuse.

BREATHLESSLY, he reached the forward end of the deck, and then he looked out through a gun port to see the effect of his fire. He heard the screams of the wounded and the sudden cries of anger from the French Officers as he watched one ball smash into the vessels side and another whip along the enemy's upper deck, cleaving a path through the sailors, who stood ready to board the British vessel. A split second later, little Peter watched as a cannon ball struck the foot of the fore-mast squarely, and with a crackling of tortured timber, he saw the mast dip drunkenly and then, under the weight of its canvas, fall slowly and majestically on to the midship sails, tearing through the rigging until it fell with a mighty crash across the deck, bringing down the second mast with its canvas spread, and trailing the wreckage over the far side in the sea like a sea-anchor, swinging the vessel's prow away from the frigate and unsighting the ready cannon.

Under its still full head of sail, the British warship moved rapidly away from the danger zone under the Frenchman's guns, and as the working party on the damaged helm succeeded in rigging a temporary gear, the British Captain taking immediate advantage of the new situation, brought his vessel under command again.

THE fortune of war had reversed itself, though little Peter had no idea that it was his own fire that had brought about the sudden improvement, and the Captain quickly brought his larboard quarter into action, and in a matter of minutes, reduced the French warship to a sinking hulk.

Little Peter saw none of this as the damaged starboard quarter was swung away from the enemy, and he found himself gazing out over undisturbed waters. He was feeling sick and miserable, and the continued roar of British cannon on the opposite quarter hardly penetrated to his mind, nor did he realize that the eventual silence proclaimed that the enemy had struck its colours in surrender. The boy's mind lay dull and apathetic, with only a vague wish that he was back in the security of his Mother's cottage, to trouble him.

Little Peter came back to awareness of his situation at the sound of the approach of an Officer. He recognized the thud of boots as opposed to the patter of the men's bare feet, and the fear of punishment for having stowed away on a King's Ship, brought him to his full senses. Giving an agitated glance over his shoulder, the boy ran, hot-footed, back to the water-butt that had given him security up to the present, and reaching it still unobserved, he dived inside and pulled the lid over his head.

POEM FOR UNEASY PEACE

PUT down the gun,
The empty anthems fade;
The sword lies rusting now,
The murdering blade
Dulls in the sheath
And even bristling death
Is hidden under snow.

Tear banners up
For bandages; your blood
Flows yet, under the ice:
From winter wood
A gleaming wing
Curves up and hangs, and spring
Cracks the thin frost of peace.

The anger of
The soldier withers now
And dance bands smoothly pour
Honey anew:
Tame bugles trill—
But easy music will
Not heal the wounds of war.

So find your voice,
Let vision be a shield
And may that almanac,
The memory, yield
Armour to lick
Any puffed fanatic
Who comes goosestepping back.

R. L. Cook.

Short Story

LIKE THE SUN

By R. K. NARAYAN

"TRUTH," Sekhar reflected, "is like the sun. I suppose no human being can ever look it straight in the face without blinking or being dazed." He realized that morning to night, the essence of human relationship consisted in tempering truth so that there may be no shocks. This day he set apart as a unique day—"At least one day in the year we must give and take absolute Truth whatever may happen. Otherwise life is not worth living." The day ahead seemed to him to be full of possibilities. He told no one of his experiment. It was a quiet resolve; a secret pact between him and eternity.

The very first test came while his wife served him his morning meal. He showed hesitation over a tit-bit, which she had thought was her culinary masterpiece. She asked: "Why, isn't it good?" At other times he would have said, considering her feelings in the matter: "I feel full up, that's all." But to-day he said: "It isn't good. I'm unable to swallow it." He saw her wince and said to himself: "Can't be helped. Truth is like the Sun." His next trial was in the common room when one of his colleagues came up and said: "Did you hear of the death of so-and-so? Don't you think it a pity?" "No," Sekhar answered.

"He was such a fine man——" the other began. But Sekhar cut him short with: "Far from it. He always struck me as a mean and selfish hypocrite."

During the last period when he was teaching geography for third form A, Sekhar received a note from the headmaster, "Please see me before you go home." Sekhar said to himself: "It must be about those horrible test papers."—A hundred papers in the boys' scrawls: he had shirked this work for weeks, feeling all the time as if a sword were hanging over his head.

The bell rang and the boys burst out of the class-room.

Sekhar paused for a moment outside the headmaster's room to button up his coat: that was another thing the headmaster always sermonized about.

He stepped in with a very polite "Good-evening, sir——" The headmaster looked up at him in a very friendly manner and asked, "Are you free this evening?"

Sekhar replied, "Just an outing for the children——"

"Well, you can take them out another day. Come home with me now."

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly——" And then he added timidly: "Anything special, sir?" "Yes," replied the headmaster smiling to himself. . . . "You didn't know my weakness for music. . . ."

"Oh, yes, sir. . . ."

"I've been learning and practising secretly; and now I want you to hear me this evening. I've engaged a drummer and a violinist to accompany me—this is the first time I'm doing it full-dress and I want your opinion—I know it will be valuable."

Sekhar's taste in music was well known. He was one of the most dreaded music critics in the town. But he never anticipated his musical inclinations would lead him into this tangle. . . . "Rather a surprise for you, isn't it?" asked the headmaster. "I've spent a fortune on it behind closed doors. . . ."

They started for the headmaster's house. "God hasn't given me a child, but at least let Him not deny me the consolation of music," the headmaster said pathetically, as they walked. He incessantly chattered about music: how he began one day, out of sheer boredom, how his teacher at first laughed at him, and then gave him hope; how his ambition in life was to forget himself in music.

At home the headmaster proved very ingratiating. He sat Sekhar on a carpet, set

before him several plates of delicacies, and pressed them on him as if he were a son-in-law of the house. He even said: "Well, you must listen with a free mind. Don't worry even about those test papers . . . ." He added half humorously: "I will give you a week's time."

"Make it ten days, sir," Sekhar pleaded.

"All right, granted," the headmaster said generously. Sekhar felt really relieved now—he would attack them at the rate of ten a day and rid himself of that nuisance.

The headmaster lit some incense sticks in order to create the correct atmosphere. He then sat down between a drummer and a violinist who had been there waiting for him. He patted his knees to mark time, cleared his throat and began. Sekhar felt distressed. The violinist and drummer were trying hard to follow him, but he soared in impossible regions. The first song was over. He sang a little *alapana* and paused to ask: "Isn't it good *Kalyani*?" Sekhar pretended not to have heard the question. He felt like answering: "It doesn't sound like either Kalyani or any other raga. . . ." The headmaster went on to another and another. Sometimes to Sekhar it sounded like the croaking of frogs, sometimes like the bellowing of a buffalo, most times like the rattling of window shutters in a storm.

The incense sticks burned low. Sekhar's head throbbed with the medley of sounds that he had stood for a couple of hours now. He felt half-stupefied. The headmaster had gone nearly hoarse, when he paused to ask: "Shall I go on?" Sekhar replied: "Please don't, sir, I think this will do. . . ." The headmaster looked stunned. His face was beaded with perspiration. Sekhar felt the greatest pity for him: but he felt he could not help it. No judge delivering a sentence felt more pained and helpless. . . . Sekhar noticed that the headmaster's wife peeped in from the kitchen, with eager curiosity. The drummer and violinist put away their burdens with an air of relief. The headmaster removed his spectacles, mopped his brow and asked: "Now, come out with your opinion?"

"Can't I give it to-morrow, sir?" Sekhar asked tentatively.

"No. I want it immediately—your frank opinion. Was it good?"

"No, sir. . . ." Sekhar replied.

"Oh! . . . Is there any use continuing my lessons?"

"Absolutely none, sir. . . ." Sekhar said with his voice trembling. He felt hurt that he could not be more soothing. . . . Truth, he reflected, required as much strength to give as to receive.

All the way home he felt worried. He felt that his official life was not going to be smooth sailing hereafter. There were questions of increment and confirmation and so on, all depending upon the headmaster's goodwill. All kinds of worries seemed to be in store for him. . . . Did not Harischandra lose his throne, wife, child, because he would speak the absolute Truth . . .?

At home his wife served him with a sullen face. He knew she was still angry with him for his remark of the morning. "Two casualties for to-day," Sekhar said to himself. "If I practise it for a week, I don't think I shall have a single friend left."

He received a call from the headmaster in his class-room next day. He went up apprehensively.

"Your suggestion was useful. I have paid off the music master. No one would tell me the truth all these days. Why these antics at my age! Thank you. By the way, what about those test papers?"

"You gave me ten days, sir."

"Oh, I've reconsidered it. I must positively have them here to-morrow morning. . . ." A hundred papers in a day! That meant all night sitting up! "Give me a couple of days, sir. . . ."

"No. I must have them to-morrow morning. And every paper must be thoroughly examined."

"Yes, sir," Sekhar said, feeling that sitting up with a hundred papers was a small price to pay for the luxury of Truth.

Theatre

FIFTY YEARS AND NOW WHAT?

By HUBERT GRIFFITH

CINDERELLA ON ICE (Ballet). *Empress Hall, Earl's Court.*

AMID the orgy of celebration with which the last half-century has recently beglamoured itself in the popular Press, one omission struck me as remarkable. A fifty-year stretch of Science was reviewed; as was an equal period of Physics (Einstein not unexpectedly getting top marks); Politics and the growth of the Constitution were treated of; with Men's Fashions, Women's Fashions, Aviation, the arts of blowing men to pieces and of putting them together again (War and Medicine), Music, Literature, and—at almost interminable length—the rise of the Cinema.

But look as I would, and I cast my eye down endless columns, there was hardly a mention of the Theatre—certainly less than a hundredth of the lineage given to its uproarious child, the film-art. Which is remarkable for two reasons. One is that, according to immediate report (the chief concern of the popular Press) the Theatre is on the up-and-up, while the Cinema is (if one can believe alarmist rumours) almost on the down-and-out. The other reason, susceptible to longer-term argument, is that the last fifty years in the British Theatre have been incomparably the finest half-century that it has experienced without going back to at least three hundred years and more ago—to the few brilliant Elizabethan decades that produced Marlowe and Shakespeare.

Does this seem an extravagant claim? Work it out for yourselves.

Compare it, for instance, with the long Victorian period, or even with the dramatic output of the whole of the nineteenth century. What has that left to us?—a long string of adapted French melodramas and farces, now mercifully entirely forgotten. An ancestor of our present Editor, Douglas Jerrold, produced *The Black Eyed Susan*, that has borne subsequent revival. In the 'sixties Tom Robertson came forward with *Caste*, which is still a charming play, and at least endeavoured to break fresh naturalistic ground. The century ended with the "well-made" plays of Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones; and the brilliant effervescence of Wilde, with one comedy which is a masterpiece, and three that are insolently amusing. The score is not immense, seeing that it embraces a whole century.

Of course, in the 'eighties and 'nineties, Ibsen began quietly to be a force on the London stage, but we can hardly claim him to have been a native British dramatist; and from the vituperation of many of the chief London critics it might have appeared that Victorian England wished he had never been born.

The eighteenth century was not much better, apart from its three or four classic comedies. The taste of audiences must have been deplorably low. It is a fact revealed by the latest researches, that the Dryden pastiche, *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*, was revived thirteen times in the eighteenth century, while its incomparably greater prototype, *Antony and Cleopatra*, was revived *once*, in 1759. Actors had to be great actors in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, for there was literally nothing for them to act. They had to do it all on their personality. As the eighteenth-century actor, Dowton, remarked in a fit of exasperation, "Damn your dialogue; give me a situation!" He

thought—or maybe he even knew—that he was the one person that could carry the evening to success, with or without the negligible help of his author.

And then came the turn into the twentieth century, with Ibsen's influence now permeating, and Shaw, from his trade of dramatic-critic having explored all the possibilities of the past, setting up shop on his own. And the founding of the Repertory Movement by Miss Horniman, at first in Dublin and then in Manchester.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this. Up to then there had been practically no native provincial drama whatever. There had been local "companies" in the great and beautiful provincial theatres. To these the great London "star" had come down for a celebrity visit.

He had draped the resident company around the stage and around himself in such a manner as to give him most efficiently his *répliques*; had spouted his speeches; and had retired to London, or to further provincial triumphs. And now, here was Miss Horniman establishing companies, first in the Abbey Theatre, and then in the Gaiety, Manchester, that not only had their own leading actors and actresses such as an obscure girl called Sybil Thorndike and a budding producer called Lewis Casson, but that demanded and created their own school of playwrights as well.

Synge, and later O'Casey, were the products of the Abbey Theatre. Galsworthy and St. John Hankin and Stanley Houghton (with *Hindle Wakes*, revived again the other day) and Masefield were the products of Manchester. Shaw found his first home in repertory theatres. J. T. Grein's Independent Theatre, and Edith Craig's Pioneer Players, and the Stage Society, and later the Vedrenne-Barker seasons at the Court Theatre, were all off-shoots of the same movement—to create and make a market for, and give an airing to, and provide a shop-window for, native British drama.

And what was the result of all this? Shaw produced fifty plays in the next fifty years. I am almost tired of talking about him in these columns—my excuse is that it would be difficult to live in the Place des Invalides in Paris without talking about the Eiffel Tower. He bestrides the present universe of playwrighting. "Is he an artist?" is often asked. I don't know. He would probably claim, rightly, to be something more. Listen to him talking, in the Hell scene from *Man and Superman*. The Devil has the floor at the moment:—

> THE DEVIL: "And is Man any the less destroying himself for all this boasted brain of his? Have you walked up and down upon the earth lately? I have; and I have examined Man's wonderful inventions. And I tell you that in the arts of Life man invents nothing; but in the arts of Death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine. The peasant I tempt to-day eats and drinks what was eaten and drunk by the peasant of ten thousand years ago; and the house he lives in has not altered as much in a thousand centuries as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay, he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the arrow, the blowpipe of his fathers far behind. In the arts of Peace, Man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton factories and the like, with machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if he had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters and bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles; they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo-boat. There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and his sloth; his heart is in his weapons . . ." and so forth.

Now this was written *circa* 1906, only a very few years after the farce of the Boer War, and in clear anticipation of the immense

tragedy of 1914. In the last phases of that war, he wrote in horror and despair, *Heartbreak House*, another anti-war play; and later again, *Back to Methuselah*, telling his listeners with all his eloquence that unless mankind could acquire some adult view of the universe and switch its attention away from further and more drastic lethal experiments, it would end up by blowing itself to pieces in sheer virtuosity of its destructive technique—as it has very nearly done by the discovery of the Atom Bomb. Could prescience be clearer?

I enlarge upon this aspect of Shaw's genius, because it dates him as a "modern" playwright. He has linked himself on to, and identified himself with, modern problems. It was said by one of his earliest friends, the critic, William Archer, that "Mr. Shaw will never write a *play*!" But Mr. Shaw has extended the definition of what a "play" is. It has now, forgetting former theories, to be construed as "anything which, within the four walls of a theatre, will hold an audience glued to their seats for the three or four hours of an evening's entertainment". This Mr. Shaw's plays have done, wherever the English language is spoken.

On the heels of Shaw come Galsworthy, Maugham, Synge and O'Casey, Mr. Coward and Mr. H. M. Harwood with his *The Grain of Mustard-Seed* for lightweights. Not forgetting Mr. Ronald Gow's *Love on the Dole* of 1935, one of the most moving plays that I ever remember.

The works of all these men (with the single exception of Mr. Ronald Gow, which was badly treated by the contemporary critics) have been played all over the English-speaking world. Is my claim that it has been a great half-century of playwriting really extravagant?

Of the surviving Christmas shows, go to the ice-ballet, or rather pantomime-on-ice, *Cinderella on Ice*, at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court. There you will find the genuine breathlessness of beauty.

The great arena is very nearly a hundred yards long.

Bind on thy sandals, o thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet.

For "sandals" read "skates". It is my luck to have seen almost all the great ballerinas and almost all the great ballet companies from Moscow to New York, *via* the Paris Opera and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, over the last twenty years. But any trained skater, rocketing round the immense spaces at Earl's Court can make any trained dancer, tip-toeing across Covent Garden "*sur les points*", look a clumsy amateur. And there is a ballet of a little fox, circling round at thirty miles an hour, pursued by a little pack of hounds, also on skates, that is absolutely enchanting.

If you say that this is not dramatic criticism in the strictest sense, you will be perfectly right.

EDITOR.

We regret that there was a printer's error in the January Number in the Poem entitled "This Year, Next Year, Sometime, Never". The last four lines of verse two should have read:—

to lock us up in hours whose every chime
falls down the air heavy with fancied dooms
of frozen years cold in the ice of time
that through our rimed lids may not let one tear.

SOVIET CONTACTS

By J. V. DAVIDSON-HOUSTON

IT has been unusual for a Briton to visit Soviet Russia or to meet Soviet citizens without prejudices in one direction or another. My own experience, perhaps more fortunate than most others', bears a strange analogy to the course of my study of the Russian language; I began by learning the pre-revolutionary Old Orthography, superseded after 1917 by a slightly simplified alphabet (not accepted by the Emigrants), and without difficulty adjusted myself to the revised system. In other words I was interested in the language, not in the way it was presented. Similarly, it seemed to me that the effects of the Russian Revolution could not be assessed objectively by listening either to those who refused to accept the possibility of co-operation with the new order or to those who saw in it the realization of Utopia. Things cannot be all black or all white, although one or the other generally predominates.

It is just ten years since the first of my periodic contacts with the U.S.S.R., and a recital of these experiences may, in view of the scarcity of such contacts, throw some useful light from various directions upon the massive nation with which we and the rest of the world have now to deal.

In 1938, I was due to return to this country from an appointment in China, and took the opportunity of applying for a visa to travel by Siberia. It was at that time normal for passengers from China to go by train to Harbin in Manchuria, and thence westward along the Chinese Eastern Railway to join the Trans-Siberian line at the frontier. Unluckily I had asked to go through the port of Vladivostok, which had been virtually closed to foreign travel since the Revolution, and my application (which had to be referred to Moscow) was refused. This incident also appears to have roused such suspicion in the minds of the Soviet authorities that my subsequent request for a visa by the normal route was also turned down.

BUT this did not close the matter, for against these difficulties could be set the temporary improvement at that time in relations between Russian and British representatives in the Far East, due to the growing threat of Japanese aggression. We actually began to entertain one another, and I was invited to a five-course lunch by M. Bogomolov, the Consul-General of Shanghai, which was served on gold plate engraved with the Imperial Eagle. The conversation was free and general enough, although both sides refrained from controversial topics, and I noticed that any attempt at practising my Russian was consistently discouraged.

I now took the opportunity of approaching the Soviet Embassy, then located at Hankow, unofficially through our Military Attaché, and was astonished three weeks later at being informed I was at liberty to travel through Siberia by either of the routes before mentioned. A hurriedly prepared passport, bearing a holiday snapshot of my bare torso, provoked an unexpected sally by the Soviet Consul. "Ah!" he remarked with a smile, "So you are sportsman".

Only two passengers landed at Vladivostok, a Japanese merchant and myself, and my first contact with Soviet Officialdom was when a port officer and a female doctor boarded the ship and examined our papers. I was somewhat surprised, as I stepped down the gangway, to be asked for my passport by a naval sentry armed with a rifle and bayonet. The man gazed uncomprehendingly at the foreign writing, and taking my irritated "You probably cannot even read your own

language" for some kind of pleasantry, saluted and handed it back.

THE Customs were excessively curious, but not unpleasant like those in Japan had been. They examined everything, even to the prunes which I had brought to solace my inactivity. Some of these were opened by the she-doctor in case their contents were dangerous, but I was pleased to observe that the rind of every orange carried by my Japanese companion was slit with a knife. My golf-clubs caused a lively curiosity among all the employees in the Customs Shed, who were highly diverted by my demonstration of their use, and they exhibited a child-like wonder at the comparative abundance and variety of my belongings. Regulations demanded that my gun, although in its own case, must be packed in one of my suitcases, sealed and sent by a train different from that in which I was to travel. The fact that eventually the wrong case was thus segregated seemed to be immaterial.

At this point the sole representative of "Intourist" came on the scene. He was an obliging little Jew who had learned some English in Liverpool and, owing to the almost complete absence of foreign travellers, combined in himself the functions of courier, cashier, clerk and agent. Zealous and inefficient, he was so handicapped by sciatica that he was unable to comply with the multifarious regulations which hedged a foreign traveller and appeared to defeat their own ends.

CASUAL conversations revealed a vast ignorance of foreign nations and countries. One man believed that all Americans were black, another that the works of Charles Dickens afforded the most accurate and impartial descriptions of contemporary England.

There were three classes on the through train to Moscow: "De luxe", consisting of two-berth *coupés* with their own lavatories; "Soft", with four upholstered berths; and "Hard", divided into compartments with four plain wooden sleeping benches. I travelled "hard", in the hope of being able to meet the ordinary Soviet citizen in his own surroundings, but almost without exception my fellow-passengers were members of the fighting Services or government officials, apparently contented with their privileged position, adequate pay and access to sufficient food and clothing.

The presence of a foreigner, especially an *anglichanin*, on the train excited the liveliest curiosity, and I was besieged in the corridor by delighted passengers asking me all about myself and my impressions of their country. There was nothing of Iron Curtain about these amiable Russians, but it was difficult for me to be frank on the subject of the dirt and slowness of the train, the general ignorance of foreign affairs, and the pervading air of inefficiency. In my *coupé* was a man who had been a Divisional Commissar in the Civil War and fully indoctrinated with Soviet thought. Having never been outside the U.S.S.R. he conceived all foreign countries to be in such a state of destitution and oppression that only revolutions on the Russian model could save them. His opinions, as I discovered in most of his colleagues, were based on dogma rather than reason, like those of the medieval Church. When I argued that the British would never accept the loss of freedom endured by the Russians, he countered with "Freedon for what? To starve? There is no unemployment in the Soviet Union". He came out with the tag "religion is the opium of the people", but his only reply to my question as to whether the Universe, its immutable laws, and its inhabitants created themselves, was to state that they were all Works of Nature.

A NAVAL officer, wearing a surprising resemblance to the British type, struck up an acquaintance and invited me to his *coupé*, which was at the time unoccupied by other passengers. Here, after showing me various snapshots which he had taken on his voyages,

he said, in a confidential tone: "I love travelling abroad, because I do not like the politics of this country". He seemed to me so obvious an *agent provocateur* that I did not cultivate his acquaintance, beyond lending him a detective novel in answer to his request for some English reading matter. Our conversation had not, however, gone unnoticed by the Commissar, who asked me the topics of our discussion and the title and author of the book I had lent. They were probably watching each other.

On arrival in Moscow I naturally expected to be met by a host of officious functionaries designed to prevent a foreign intruder from eluding the net of vigilance which, before and since the Revolution, has always enclosed the traveller in Russia. To my surprise, not only was I not pounced upon by an official courier (as I had been in Vladivostok), but when I eventually telephoned to the nearest "Intourist" office owing to inability to obtain transport, it was not even known that I had left my starting point.

MY visa allowed for a two day sojourn in the capital, and during that time a N.K.V.D. (late O.G.P.U.) sentry was substituted for the policeman normally at the gate of the Embassy attaché with whom I was staying.

The foreign community in Moscow had great difficulty in making personal contacts with Russians, who appeared frightened of visiting them; and even our Ambassador's wife was unable to get a native teacher of the language. The various embassies and legations entertained one another, however, and I found the atmosphere congenial enough to apply for a two day extension of my visa. This entailed the sending of my passport to the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, who returned it on the fourth day with the announcement that an extension could not be granted. This is rather typical of Soviet procedure, and indeed of all governments which tie up their people in red tape.

ECONOMIC conditions in Moscow, which, be it noted, was the most favoured and most visited city in the Union, were a good deal worse in 1938, than in war-time London; and it is hard to believe that they can have returned even to that level after the enormous sacrifices and losses between 1941 and 1945. I never saw a privately owned car; the mass of the population piled into, or clung on to, antiquated trams; or crowded the "Metro" whose shallow tunnels were a menace to the peace and stability of the neighbouring buildings. A family was lucky to have a room to itself; a pair of shoes cost the equivalent of a labourer's monthly wage. The higher officials of the Government and of the Party, leading professionals, and members of the Services, were able to buy what they needed at special rates, and seemed well content; the masses led a drab life but knew no better.

A quaint incident illustrates the disinclination to think out his own line of conduct which I have observed among Soviet subjects.* My host's chauffeur Boris, detailed to show me the curious little painted church of St. Basil, entered the secularized building with his hat on, like any other member of the public. To me, however, the place was still a Church, and I bared my head. Boris, whether out of courtesy to me, for the sake of conformity, or from some other cause, at once did the same.

THE next first-hand information I received from the U.S.S.R. was in 1940, while travelling from Constantinople to Egypt by sea. Among my fellow-passengers were some twenty Czech airmen, who had fought in the Polish air force and been captured by the Russians when they occupied Eastern Poland. After some nine months' internment they had been suddenly taken to Odessa and put on board a ship sailing to Istanbul, whence our Embassy was able to ship them at once to

* "thrown under" (*subjectus*) seems a more correct description than "citizen".

Egypt for service with the R.A.F. Moscow must have guessed that this would happen, and such actions not surprisingly give rise to the description of the Soviet Government's behaviour as "enigmatical".

In 1941, when I was Liaison Officer with the Red Army in Persia, I had further opportunities of observing the Russian attitude to foreigners. The first troops encountered, from the Commanding Officer downward, were quite unaware of our *rôle* as allies, could not understand how British forces found themselves in Iraq and Persia, and were at first definitely hostile. Their G.H.Q., however, were fully cognisant of the situation, and its senior officers were friendly and co-operative. It took several weeks for this attitude to filter through to units. The Russian is naturally friendly and impulsive, and a number of drinking bouts and caviare parties was organized in Teheran. In general, however, the troops never met; Soviet soldiers were not allowed into the city, and our suggestions for inter-allied games of football were politely side-tracked. This is merely an example of the Soviet anxiety for national prestige, whether in games or politics; the U.S.S.R. must never lose. The little initiative allowed to any but the hierarchy is now widely known; in Persia we found that any decision having the slightest bearing on policy (such as the visit of a British picnic party to the Caspian shore) had to be referred to the Soviet C.-in-C., and by him to Moscow. No wonder the "IN" trays at the Kremlin sometimes become too full to empty!

I GOT a new sight on the Russians in the following year, when travelling home from India round the Cape. We carried several hundred Poles, who had a strange story to tell. Many of them belonged to small farming families, and when the Red Army invaded their country in 1939, they had been ejected to make room for Ukrainians, whom, as an anti-Russian element in the Soviet Union, it was desired to appease at someone else's expense. They had been transported to internment camps in distant parts of the U.S.S.R.; until at last their captors, anxious no doubt to be rid of them, had handed them over to the British Authorities in Persia. They seemed to bear little personal animosity towards the Russians, whose callous neglect of their welfare they doubtless took for granted, but retained a permanent horror of the secret police, into whose arbitrary hands some of them had fallen never to be heard of again.

My subsequent encounter with Ukrainian refugees, after the War, was thus of enhanced interest. Some hundreds of them are encamped at Langham in Norfolk, where they work on the surrounding farms. When the Germans invaded the Ukraine, the bulk of the inhabitants found them hardly more odious than their governors from Moscow, and many thousands of them enlisted in German-sponsored Ukrainian regiments and fought willingly against their late overlords. The more fortunate surrendered to the Western Allies in the final *debâcle* in Central Europe, and many of them first as prisoners of war and then as displaced persons, have come to England to work on the land. Those to whom I spoke last summer were hardworking and contented, resigned to indefinite exile rather than return to Soviet vengeance. Mostly of peasant families, they were happy to be working in the wheat fields that reminded them of their own fertile prairies, and of the Russians they spoke with quiet bitterness. Most of them knew nothing of the fate of their relatives at home; no letters reached them, nor did they dare to write to them from an address in England. One had news indirectly of his family.

"*Ubili*," he said, "They killed them." "All," he added, after a pause.

Others knew that their relations had been transplanted to Siberia, but never hoped to hear of them any more. Husbands were purposely segregated from wives and mothers from children. Could there be a more complete desolation?

WE thus get two views of Russia. On the one hand we see intelligent, warm-hearted and inefficient people, with many attractive traits that are commonly regarded as characteristic of the Irish. Following the cultural traditions of the earlier Western Civilizations, Russia has within the last century and a half produced great musicians, writers and scientists, although these are relatively few in number.

On the other hand, and perhaps because of these very traits, the Russians have ever lived in the shadow of tyranny, whether of the Tartar hordes, the *Oprichniki* of Ivan the Terrible, or the Tsarist *Okhrana*. It is natural that Soviet rule should follow the pattern of its predecessors. They are people who, like the Germans, do not rule themselves; consequently the human feelings which, in democratic countries, make up public opinion cannot withstand the amorality of dictatorship. A vacillating approach to liberalism and two* disastrous wars were able to bring down the centuries — old despotism of the Tsars; what shall destroy the yet more ruthless oppression of the Soviets?

*The defeat in the Crimea, following on the European outbreaks of 1848, gave a tremendous impetus to revolutionary activities in Russia.

OPEN-CAST MINING:

PRESENT DAY

GRUBBED up, our daily bread's foundations;
Tossed aside, the gelded soil.
A world which cannot bake its rations,
Yet may toast its bones at coal.

W. A. B. GARDENER.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE NIGHT

ONCE the world was whole and one
And mine;
The green stars sang.
Tonight
There are here no nightingales;
No larks rise from these fields.
Here is no rock to rest my head,
No house or hand to guard my dream,
No tree to shade my grief,
No passion in the sun,
No rhythm in the sea.
No moon to rule my tide,
No ancient wonder answering in the blood.
Tonight
No touch, no eyes,
No secrets in the sky;
No fire, no rage, no song, no mystery;
No doom, no fear, no victory.
Only the blinding fog
And the turning of the wheels,
Mechanic train wheels of an endless now.

MARY WYKEHAM.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

Edited by CHRISTOPHER SYKES

POST-WAR DISASTERS

ONE of the most difficult problems confronting the politician or the historian is to decide to what degree any given event should be treated as unique. Less than twenty years ago the career of Napoleon appeared unique as an episode in modern history, but now it is seen more often and more reasonably as one, and not the most striking one, of a class: in most people's minds Hitler has taken Napoleon's place as the extremest type of expanding and ruthless ambition. As a result of this Hitlerine eminence, and with much inconsistency, the ordeal of the Second World War sometimes appeared without parallel in European annals. This was not a shallow opinion, but, because of its inconsistency, it was a dangerous one (unless qualified) on which to build a large-scale policy. Notwithstanding it served as a foundation-stone of the post-war world.

The announcement by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, in January, 1943, that the immediate object of the Allies was the Unconditional Surrender of the enemy was largely the result of thinking in terms of a supposed uniqueness, and when to this war-aim was added the trial of guilty leaders, in accordance with a code to be decided later, it was clear that in high places history was considered an inadequate guide to the solution of post-war problems. Lord Hankey has written a book,* largely composed of his speeches and articles, in protest against these unhistorical commitments. In doing so he marks the beginning of a great reaction of feeling, so that in spite of many literary faults and also an inadequate appreciation of the opposing point of view, his book is important. He makes clear that the whole policy as regards surrender and trial, proceeded in the main from pernicious sentimentalism, from "a philosophy of hate that grew up without our noticing it during the war."

In all British history up to 1943 there was no precedent for "Unconditional Surrender", according to Lord Hankey, except in the case of the South African War where it only led to prolonged and embittered strife, and left some ineradicable resentments. Strangely enough, however, the policy was first put forward by President Roosevelt in one of his more historically-minded moments: the term had been applied to General Grant as a nickname during the American Civil War, and in American minds it symbolized rugged, even cruel determination. There was some irony in the later elaboration of this policy to include trials, for it was the same General Grant, of Unconditional Surrender fame, who rescued the post-civil-war American administration from the supreme folly of trying General Lee on a charge of treason. This, one fancies, had escaped the notice of the President and Mr. Churchill, not that it was likely to influence them in any case. They were determined. It appears, that apart from feelings, two reasons led them to ignore the warning of the past and institute prosecutions. One, to which Lord Hankey does not do justice, was the fact that the relapse of the Germans from a high to a disgustingly low state of civilization was on a scale which, in the opinion not only of people excited by war-emotion but of grave observers, called for measures of unexampled sternness if such a tendency was to be corrected. The second reason was less respectable, but equally decisive, so far as can be made out from public utterances of the time. It is worth considering.

Extraordinary fears were entertained in the Allied camp that at the end of the war the

* *Politics, Trials and Errors.* By The Right Hon. Lord Hankey. *Pen-in-Hand.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Germans might claim that they had not been defeated, and so might start afresh on a career of crime. This fear, a by-product of German propaganda, was quite unhistorical. It was overlooked that most conquered people pretend that they have not been defeated; German "stab in the back" excuses were exactly similar in tone to what we find in French political writing of the post-Napoleonic years. (One reason why Lamartine's history was despised lay in the fact that almost alone of early nineteenth century French writers he bluntly asserted that French fighting power was finished in 1814.) The point to be remembered, and which Allied leaders forgot, was that such stuff takes no one in; as few Germans, between the wars, *sincerely* believed that they had not been defeated in 1918, as believe now that they were mysteriously let down in 1945. Some Germans did and do these things, of course, and they all pretend to, but the mental feat is only wholly attainable by persons of abnormal silliness. The self-flattery of conquered peoples is in essence whimsical, and if it is allowed to influence decisions at the highest level there comes a danger that the deeper causes from which passions to revenge spring may be ignored. Yet it was largely to guard against the whimsicalities that the grim follies of Nuremberg and Tokyo were staged.

Against those trials Lord Hankey has two main contentions: that they were absurd because one of the judging nations was beyond question guilty of the worst charges made against the defendants; and that England should have had nothing to do with establishing a precedent whereby vanquished people, no matter how frightful their records, can be judged by their victors. It is difficult to find any answer to these objections. Assertions about the dignity and (within the limits of the Charter), the fairness which characterized the trials, leave too much unsaid, and equally inadequate is the argument that the Anglo-American-Russian Alliance required an act of concord in condemnation of the hateful men in the dock. The Russians were already abandoning the alliance, and furthermore Communist-stunted minds are too coarse to be open to persuasion by the spectacle of a well-conducted court. It was absurd, on the other hand, to suppose that the Americans, with their immense tradition of respect for law, even stronger than our own, could not have been brought to see a more moderate point of view, or would have broken with us because we disagreed in this matter.

The best, though a very imperfect argument in favour of the trials is one which has already been alluded to, that the accused were part of so atrocious a system that it was essential to kill them or shut them up by some means or other, but Lord Hankey brings a new point against this largely accepted view, namely, that one total miscarriage of justice occurred in the condemnation at Tokyo of Shigemitsu, Japanese Ambassador to England in the first part of the war, and Japanese Foreign Minister at the end of it. He seems to have been a relatively blameless man whom we and the Americans put in the dock in order to curry favour with the Russians. Certainly there was some case against him. A quotation from his official correspondence given by Lord Jowitt in the House of Lords sounds damaging, though diplomatic papers, even English ones, often contain shocking sentences, since a good diplomat must express lucidly every alternative of policy. Lord Jowitt did not give the context, and it is a strange weakness of Lord Hankey's defence that he does not do so either. Perhaps he is unable to, but if that is the case he should have said so.

At the time when these trials were proceeding it was often said that perfection could not be looked for because no precedent was to be found for this kind of enforcement of law. In fact, a strong precedent existed in the numerous proceedings against Bonapartists after 1815. It is a pity that Lord Hankey does not draw attention to these trials, for they are much to the point. To avoid all suggestion of Allied revenge, they were conducted with

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complete freedom in French courts. They went on for years, doing enormous harm to the restored monarchy, and enormous good to the Imperial party, then in great need of support. The only one at all remembered now is that of Marshal Ney, who was found guilty of treachery to the King. His trial was fair. When it was over the Duke of Wellington was asked to seek a reprieve from Louis XVIII, but he declined to intervene in an internal French concern. For all that, in spite of so much scrupulousness, a majority of Frenchmen believe to-day that Ney was executed by the English to satisfy Wellington's spite. The trial, though just, was an unqualified political failure, productive of harm even more than a hundred years after.

The wisest thing ever said on the whole of this subject was spoken, at Ney's trial, by the Duc de Broglie in the course of a speech in which he asked for the case to be dismissed, although, as he admitted in later years, he was quite certain that the Marshal deserved to die. He said: "There are certain deeds which, owing to their extent, are outside human justice, even though they may constitute guilt in the eyes both of God and Man." It is a pity that Broglie's words were not familiar to the men responsible for Nuremberg.

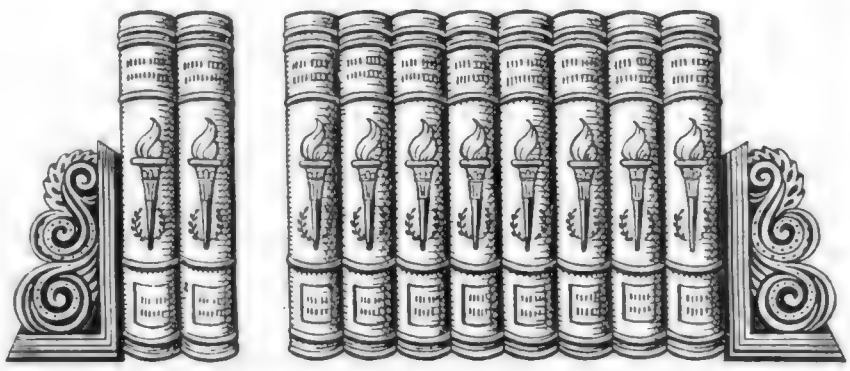
CHRISTOPHER SYKES.

A POET'S MONUMENT

RILKE, MAN AND POET. By Nora Wydenbruck. *John Lehmann.* 18*s.*

THOSE whose impatience with poets is exceeded only by their distrust of psychology had best avoid this deeply sympathetic study of an archetypal poet the vicissitudes of whose life can be understood only by reference to the findings of psychoanalysis. Rilke was born in Prague, then still part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the son of an officer manqué who clung to his military ideal while languishing in the civil service, and of a woman of whom he was later to write "Her unfocused piety and her obstinate faith make me shudder, the distorted, disfigured faith to which she clings, while she herself is as empty as a cast-off garment". Rilke's personality was racked in childhood between his mother's wish for a daughter and his father's determination to make him a soldier. Thus he was brought up as a girl, "My little Sophie", until he was ten, when the assertion of his father's sense of responsibility projected him to a Military College. Of this period Rilke could never bring himself to write, so that it is excluded even from his more directly autobiographical work. Frequently ill, always physically inept, bullied and tormented into a mystical masochism, his mind was indelibly scarred by the six years before he was transferred to a loathed commercial school, from which an escapade with a girl released him.

Thereafter Rilke's life followed undeviatingly the course set for it by the unconscious impulses deriving from his childhood. An early love affair occasioned one hundred and thirty letters and his first poems, printed with the financial assistance of the lady, who later reimbursed herself by selling the letters. This adoration, pattern of so many, consummated and unconsummated, throughout his life, was Rilke's early groping towards a mature humanity; deprived of a satisfactory relationship with his own mother, of whom he could say no better than "Every meeting with her is like a relapse", his need for a substitute mother was paramount throughout his life. Lou Andreas-Salomé, who must have found him a pleasant change after Nietzsche, was the first of his ideal mothers and gave him his first extraordinarily stimulating visit to Russia. This was followed by three months of intense production, in which he completed some seventy poems and several short stories, whose macabre quality Countess Wydenbruck attributes to a deep early trauma that found release in death and horror symbols.



The missing volume

ONE of the most important volumes in the Social History of England has — so far as our knowledge goes — yet to be written. It will deal with the Twentieth Century Housewife and the way her life has been transformed by the introduction of scientific labour-saving devices. Naturally enough, this is a subject of the greatest interest to Hoover Limited, since it is difficult to believe that in this Twentieth Century any two mechanical appliances have done more to ease the lot of the housewife than the Hoover Cleaner and the Hoover Electric Washing Machine. Nor should it be forgotten that Hoover F.H.P. Electric Motors are used in many other domestic appliances.

It seems fair, therefore, to assume that if the missing volume ever comes to be written, a special chapter will be devoted to the activities of Hoover Limited.

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Fearing love's effect on creative work, yet passionately eager to love, Rilke married the sculptress, Clara Westhoff, to whom he remained intermittently devoted. His inability to support his wife caused them to separate, whereafter Rilke went to Paris, while Clara appears to have been solely responsible for their daughter's upbringing. Rilke was incapable of ordinary responsibility; unconscious impulses drove him instead to exact from all with whom he entered into relationship compensatory tribute for the privations, in love and in comforts, he had suffered as a child. His comment on another of his substitute mothers, whom he met in Paris, "Ellen Key is almost offended if you ask her for money", suggests his method of subsistence.

Becoming Rodin's secretary, Rilke adopted Rodin as father and god, until restiveness under paternal authority led to a quarrel depriving him of paternal affection. It is evidence of Rilke's nobility of spirit that his undiminishing reverence for Rodin, of whom he wrote "When he is near, the day has many more hours and sleep is more refreshing", allowed them later to resume friendship. Anguished, inhibited by recurrent breakdowns whenever the impulse to work seemed strengthening in him, Rilke wrote and lectured on Rodin, and gathered material for his autobiographical novel "Malte Laurids Brigge". Refusing psychoanalysis, lest his creative power be dissipated along with his neuroses, Rilke designed this work in the hope of releasing himself from his conflicts, which, while establishing his genius, it failed to do. When it was finished, he found at last his ideal mother, "great, kind, calm and comforting", Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis-Hohenlohe, whose sheltering heart nurtured his genius and brought to his spirit the peace in which all the enchantment of his personality could appear.

It was Princess Marie who brought Rilke to Duino, where a mystical parturition released fully created from his unconscious mind the first of the Elegies, which when completed after heroically patient expectation twelve years later, together with the "Sonnets to Orpheus", were the consummation and fulfilment of his tortured passage through the world. It was Princess Marie who mitigated the severity of his journey, and appropriately it is her cousin whose loving intuition, whose power of analysis, exposition and narrative, have furnished Rilke this splendid monument. For all its penetration, this book is written by a hand too gentle to disturb his ghost. It is the measure of Countess Wydenbruck's achievement that, while defining each step of Rilke's development, she leads us only to share her reverence when confronted anew by the mystery of creation.

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RUSKIN

RUSKIN: THE GREAT VICTORIAN. By Derrick Routledge. *Kegan Paul Ltd.* 30s.

NOBODY can read this brilliant study of perhaps the greatest of the Victorians without a feeling of profound sorrow that the gifted author should have died at the age of thirty-six. I have read almost everything written by or about Ruskin, and I regard this biography as by far the best and most informative study of the great prophet. It is expensive, but its five hundred and eighty-one pages run to about a quarter of a million words, three times the length of many biographies, and the book is in addition magnificently illustrated.

After a brief eclipse Ruskin's reputation to-day stands higher than ever. He was a most versatile of genius. He foresaw, as Mr. Wilenski, the author of another admirable "Life", rightly says, "our present troubles and proposed solutions on the lines now being put forward by the American economists as 'Technocracy', and by English economists, like F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, who has recently advocated a multiple-commodity standard". He was the first to question the sacred dogma that gold is the only possible basis for currency. *Laissez-faire* Liberalism never recovered from his attacks. He declared, that he knew of "no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion". In his insistence that man has only a just title to such property as he can skilfully use, "property to whom proper", he anticipated many of the social doctrines developed by Mr. Hilaire Belloc in that most prophetic of books *The Servile State*.

In 1860 when Ruskin began to develop his theories there was nothing particularly unusual in the fact that a woman could die of exposure after giving birth to a child on the banks of a canal. In 1860 there was no eight hour day, no early-closing, no old-age pensions and no free State elementary

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education, and also of course "no free false teeth with nothing to bite on".

Ruskin was a Socialist with a difference. As a boy he travelled round England with his father, a wine merchant, "I thus saw all the nobleman's houses in England; in reverent and healthy delight of uncovetous admiration . . . perceiving that it would not make Brunswick square in the least more habitable to pull Warwick Castle down. And at this day, though I have kind invitations enough to visit America I could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles". He did not believe that a good government could be attained by universal suffrage, for he had an innate belief in a caste system, in the rule of a true aristocracy, and though he believed that every man should have a vote he did not think it reasonable that the vote of "a penniless young fool should carry the same weight as that of a mature man of wealth". He therefore wishes that the voting power should be assessed separately in accordance with age, wealth, position and education. It is not inconceivable that the bad results both of dictatorship and adult suffrage democracy may revive interest in such proposals.

The rediscovery of Ruskin's art criticism by the modern intellectuals is largely due to the influence of Proust, and it is odd that Mr. Leon who wrote a " Life" of Proust does not quote Proust's tribute to Ruskin in his book. Proust, no less decisively than Ruskin, repudiates the doctrine of art for art's sake, and insists that those who pursue pleasure for its own sake only achieve boredom. It is not in the discovery of the Pre-Raphaelites that Ruskin's claim as an art critic must be based but on the rediscovery of Carpaccio, Giotto, and Bellini. "Son oevre divine," writes Proust, "ne fut pas de susciter les vivants, mais de ressusciter les morts". Ruskin was not the initiator of the Gothic Revival but he popularized medieval Gothic and also Byzantine architecture. Until Ruskin wrote his *Stones of Venice*, St. Mark's at Venice had been "from of old the butt for students", to quote the *Daily News Reviewer*. Even greater was his influence in popularizing Switzerland, a subject which is outside the scope of Mr. Routledge's interests, judging by the fantastic misspelling of Lucerne's famous river Reuss.

Mr. Routledge has rendered Ruskin's memory a great service by his dispassionate account of his unhappy marriage. Ruskin never consummated the marriage, not, so he told George MacDonald, because he was incurably impotent but because he found that he did not love his wife and that under such circumstances "it would have been a sin against her for him to do so". He did not defend the suit because the last thing he wanted was to be saddled with Effie for life. Ruskin's abominable mother had already ruined what little hope there was of a successful marriage. I agree with Mr. Wilenski that "his behaviour when his wife deserted him, and always afterwards in regard to her, was perfect". And I adhere to this opinion even after reading Admiral Sir William James' book *The Order of Release* in which Effie is the martyr and Ruskin the villain of the piece. It is here that Mr. Routledge's book is so valuable. He insists that Millais (who was in love with Effie before the marriage was broken off and subsequently married her) was "dominated by the desire for spectacular material success, an ambition as conventional as the expensive tastes he soon learned to acquire". Millais may have been influenced by the legal opinion obtained by the mother of Rose La Touche, with whom Ruskin was in love, that if Ruskin married again and had children, the former marriage would be held good and the divorce annulled. We now know that this opinion was wholly incorrect but the fact that it was known to the Millais would naturally have influenced Mrs. Millais to do all she could to stop Ruskin marrying Rose, and the bitter venomous attack on Ruskin which she wrote to Mrs. La Touche was clearly actuated by self-interest, and also as Mr. Routledge observes by a "deeply-rooted propensity to self-justification". Effie's

rôle had to be represented as that of a martyr and "for her to be a martyr Ruskin had invariably to be represented as a monster". Millais must have known that even after the break-up of his marriage Ruskin "had shown him nothing but affection and that his own conduct towards Ruskin had scarcely been above all censure: and it was probably this which prompted his first attitude of virtuous indignation. But this attitude later crystallized into a narrow malevolence. This too may have been partly caused by the treatment meted out to him from unexpected quarters: or during the scandal of 1854, it was unlikely that he would have escaped an inconvenient censure".

Among the many brilliant authors who have recently taken Ruskin for their theme some are mainly interested in Ruskin's work and others mainly in his love life (or rather absence of love life).

A critic who was faintly shocked by Byron's experiments in all varieties of vice would be thought dreadfully old-fashioned, but the injury which Ruskin inflicted on his wife by failing to consummate his marriage takes high rank among the crimes calling to Bloomsbury for vengeance. Infidelity has acquired the status of a minor virtue, impotence of ultimate infamy. I am as anxious as most people to be in the fashion, but when Ruskin is described as "a contemptible character" by a reviewer of Mr. Quenell's provocative study, I am moved to mild protest, for I agree with a just and discerning biographer of that very great Victorian, R. H. Wilsenski, when he writes "Ruskin was a good man whose goodness was on a scale to be of use to a great number of people, and I have called his social conscience the finest thing about him . . . he was a man who it seems to me had only one fault in his character, self indulgence".

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Murder Included. Joanna Cannan. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

I SHOULD like to be able to add my bouquet to *A Few Flowers for Shiner*, but if I am to tell the truth I could not find a single character and hardly a speech which did not strike me as synthetic; the genuine feeling which distinguished *How Green was my Valley* has all but disappeared. Mr. Llewellyn's new novel plays as deftly upon our supposed predilections and prejudices as *Cavalcade* or *Mrs. Miniver*, and I don't doubt that it will obtain the same response.

Snowy Weeks, a Cockney veteran of the Eighth Army in Italy, sets out to make a sentimental pilgrimage to the grave of his mate Shiner in the old truck, Rosie, which they had driven across the desert. Just before he leaves, Snowy has a travelling companion foisted on him, a grouchy Lancashireman who was in the First Army and does not think quite so much of the Eighth, but it soon becomes clear that Bill, like Snowy, has a Heart of Gold. Next they pick up an American deserter of Italian extraction, which adds a more personal note to discussions about Wops, but Max, too, proves to have a Heart

of Gold as well as a nice line in Brooklyn wisecracks. And then they pick up a beautiful Princess, nearly a real one, and she too, besides providing the sexual suspense, proves to have . . . Just as the reader is beginning to wonder how much he can take, they fall in with an English deserter named Dincott, who has a very black heart indeed. He has organized a private army of assorted thugs who loot and terrorize the countryside in the confusion of the German retreat. The writer knows the conditions he is describing; and this part of the story has a force and truth that is absent from the shadow-boxing debates between Snowy, Bill and Max, and the terrible coyness of the love skirmishes of Snowy and the Princess.

THE MARTYRED PARROT is painfully lacking in that showmanship apparent in every line of *A Few Flowers for Shiner*. It tells its story in flat narrative prose without any impressionistic effects. Peter Lawson, is forced into the Navy, for which he has no inclination, by a managing aunt. His experiences as a midshipman are realistically handled, the scandal with a fellow-officer's wife, which ends his naval career, has unusual features which the author does not develop as dramatically as he might. He knows the Middle East and its problems, but it remains a story told, not an experience shared.

I DID not think that anyone could ever sell me a Campus Murder, but Miss Hodgkin's university has some civilized qualities; I could actually believe that people went there to learn something and not merely to neck, play football and get psychoanalysed. There is a certain amount of all three in *Student Body*, but the characters have a recognizable touch of humanity, and when the very nice heroine climbed up a tower with

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the murderer I got an uncomfortably tight feeling. The writing is very good indeed,

FREQUENT HEARSES is by Edmund Crispin, which means that it is civilized, ingenious and amusing. Gervase Fen is in a film studio advising on a screen version of the life of Alexander Pope, called, you may like to know, *The Unfortunate Lady*. The author naturally gets the most out of this; the plot is touched off by a suicide and continues with a sequence of murders and the final scene, where a nice girl who has been doing a bit of amateur detecting is pursued by the unseen murderer through a maze is a genuinely thrilling climax. I liked this book immensely.

ALMOST everybody can find one of his favourite English types drawn with wit and malice in Miss Cannan's *Murder Included*. If you are feudal minded you can enjoy the description of the great house and laugh at the odious little detective with his silly modern shibboleths; if you are progressive or bohemian you can laugh at the horsy types (two of whom are murdered) and the stiff upper lips. This is as much a novel of character as of detection and considered as either it is exceedingly good.

RUBY MILLAR.

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ANOTHER VICTORIAN

CAROLINE CLIVE. By Mary Clive. *The Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

CAROLINE CLIVE is the story of a novelist and poetess of the nineteenth century, whose fame has not survived into the twentieth. From letters and diaries Lady Mary Clive has pieced together a consecutive narrative, which traces the career of Mrs. Archer Clive from her plain and partially crippled girlhood to the horrible accident that caused her death.

Before he succeeded to his Herefordshire estates Archer Clive was Rector of Solihull, where his neighbour was a rich, lonely spinster, Caroline Meysey-Wigley. The early letters tell the story of her passionate attachment to him, while for eight years she supposed that friendship was the most that a woman with her plain face and crippled legs could expect. In spite of her poetical morbidity—one of her most admired poems was called "The Grave"—she did not brood over

her private troubles. She wrote, travelled, and did good among her neighbours. Meanwhile, the Rev. Archer Clive was conducting a rather casual courtship of a young beauty who finally refused to marry him. After an unchaperoned but proper trip abroad, Archer Clive proposed to Caroline and she accepted him with rapture.

In their joint diary Archer writes of pious ends and parish business, while Caroline deals with the scenery on their journeys and the faults of her in-laws. In her youth Caroline Clive did not care for pretty women, and she had no sympathy for Miss Gore or for the fascinating Mrs. T. who was admired by Colonel Edward Clive, brother to Archer. Colonel Clive's diary, included in these papers, is an intensely melancholy document. Even his successful pursuit of Mrs. T. failed to cheer him for long, and he appears to have succumbed to the effects of his dissipated life. At his death Archer became heir to the family place. He abandoned Solihull and the Church for the life of a country squire.

Although the letters and diaries deal mostly with local and family matters, there are entertaining glimpses of the literary world where Mrs. Archer Clive was a minor lioness. She suffered professional pique at Miss Mitford's praise of Miss Barrett as "a great poetess" and referred to "one Robert Browning" as "a man who has published a sort of poem called 'Bells and Pomegranates', in which there is no meaning at all". Her best-seller, "Paul Ferrol", might be a relic from the days of Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radclyffe, but it is more coherent than her later novels in which her hectic fancy runs wild among sudden death and illegitimacy. It is to be regretted that the editor has included no examples of her heroine's style when she abandoned fact for fiction. The book as a whole gives a charming and well-balanced picture of life among the cultivated gentry of that date.

M. M.

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CURTAIN CALLS

WE'LL HEAR A PLAY. By J. C. Trewin. *Carroll and Nicholson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THEATRE lovers will remain indebted to the publishers of this volume for preserving Mr. Trewin's commentaries and criticisms from the oblivion which overtakes most contributions to the weekly Press. The title he has chosen, rightly commended in Sir Barry V. Jackson's succinct introduction, does not mean that the eye must not be titillated nor that spectacle counts for nought; merely that Mr. Trewin insists on the necessity, now frequently overlooked, that no matter what the play, audibility is essential.

Unlike some of his fellows this critic does not sacrifice a birthright of truth for a mess of epigrams. His very approach is with the happy springing anticipation of a lover and he can generally find in the worst of productions something worthy of his knowledgeable praise. Nevertheless he can be scathing, incisive and witty, while theatrical quotations and paraphrases abound (particularly Shakespearean), and all sparkle aptly.

The scissors and paste needed for such a collection present difficulties but on the whole it is well done, if quickly done. Juxtapositions sometimes puzzle while comments on the same play are sometimes separated like to a double cherry.

The final added joy in this collection is that even if one were foolish enough to disagree with every single opinion, there would be relish in the reading. It evokes perfectly the faded velvet and chipped dusty gilt, the cosy-stale smell, the expectant hush as the curtain swishes aloft, and all the thrills and excitements of the theatre.

JOHN V. TREVOR.

REFLECTIONS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

FRENCH LANDSCAPE

By SYDNEY J. MAIDEN

IT is no disparagement of the magnificent exhibition at Burlington House to say that its official title, "Landscape in French Art," is at first glance somewhat misleading. On reflection the cautious precision of the words becomes apparent. Inspection of the paintings, drawings and tapestries—over six hundred items—supports the suspicion that the selection of the title, if not of the exhibits, presented some difficulty. Both the anonymous Foreword and the Introduction by M. Bernard Dorival show consciousness of this.

It is beyond the scope and intention of this article to attempt a detailed appraisal of the feast of painting and draughtsmanship so admirably arranged and hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. Much of the glory of French painting from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century is there for our edification and enjoyment. Private and public owners of masterpieces have generously contributed to it. The Exhibition would, however, fail in its purpose if it did not stimulate the question: how far can it be justified to assert, as not a few are inclined to, that in landscape as in other spheres of Art, French supremacy is unchallengeable? This assumption has been sedulously and systematically fostered by intensely patriotic French writers and painters (not to mention dealers). Their claims have been accepted and advanced by writers and artists in England

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and elsewhere, sometimes with a naïveté which is ludicrously abject.

At Burlington House a very small proportion of the exhibits can properly be described as "landscapes". Many of them are figure compositions with some landscape as an incidental background. French landscape painting is, in fact, a comparatively late growth and until the nineteenth century little of it was native in inspiration. Until open-air or nature painting began to exercise the imagination of the Barbizon group there was little "pure" landscape in France. The magnificent compositions of Claude and Nicolas Poussin, both of whom are worthily and lavishly allotted wall space, were studio creations built up on notes taken in the open but in which natural effects of climate, atmosphere and characteristic formations were not the prime objective. Natural objects were employed to assist in the construction of great imaginative works in which arrangement with a classical flavour was the aim. It is in their drawings and sketches from Nature, studies and notes for large canvases, that both men showed their awareness of the splendours which they looked upon. This applies even more pertinently to the work of many other masters represented in the Exhibition.

The influence of Poussin and Claude on their contemporaries and successors was very powerful and men like Turner, Constable and Richard Wilson, to take three English painters, owed much to them. In France this influence was much stronger and it was not until, early in the nineteenth century, a few simple but intense men combined to go out into the forests and fields with a burning desire to interpret what lay before their eyes that pure landscape blossomed.

It is straining the terms of reference pretty far to include Fragonard, Watteau, Boucher, Degas and Picasso in an exhibition with its emphasis on "landscape". Nor even did Millet or Courbet fully qualify for inclusion although both were often *plein air* painters. Both were more often pre-occupied with man's place in Nature than with Nature herself. No true landscape painter has any didactic purpose. He interprets but never preaches.

Some expression of personal preferences may be permitted in these brief reflections on a superb array of paintings. Corot, of whose art there are fortunately many examples on the walls, seems to tower above the rest as essentially a landscape painter. As M. Bernard Dorival points out, in his stimulating introduction to the catalogue, there were two Corots. One produced a succession of "Classical" compositions with a wary eye on the Salon; the other the fluent and spontaneous transcriptions from nature made for his own and, therefore, for our delight. Until recent years the Corots chosen for reproduction have usually been his least impressive works. An undiscriminating public was led to regard him, at second hand, as a sort of Greuze of landscape. Feathery, fluffy trees predominated in these exercises in sentimental lyricism. But visitors to the Tate Gallery have long known the splendid "Palace of the Popes, Avignon" (No. 180), a masterly composition in which fluent painting and exquisite colour combine to fix for all time the grandeur of the Provençal scene. The "View of Villeneuve les Avignon" (No. 188) runs it very close and the little "Mantes Cathedral" (No. 165) reveals with what simple and direct means Corot conveyed his grasp of the essential spirit of a place.

Of the Impressionists the Gallicized Englishman, Alfred Sisley emerges with enhanced importance, not least in his early "View of Montmartre" (No. 253). This picture, dated 1869, shows very little sign of his later development. It should be compared with the "Seine at Marly" (No. 240), painted seven years later. Camille Pissarro, like Sisley, seems to gain in stature with time and stands well in this company. His "Snow Scene, Lower Norwood" (No. 235), painted while he was a refugee in England during the Franco Prussian War, and his "Road by

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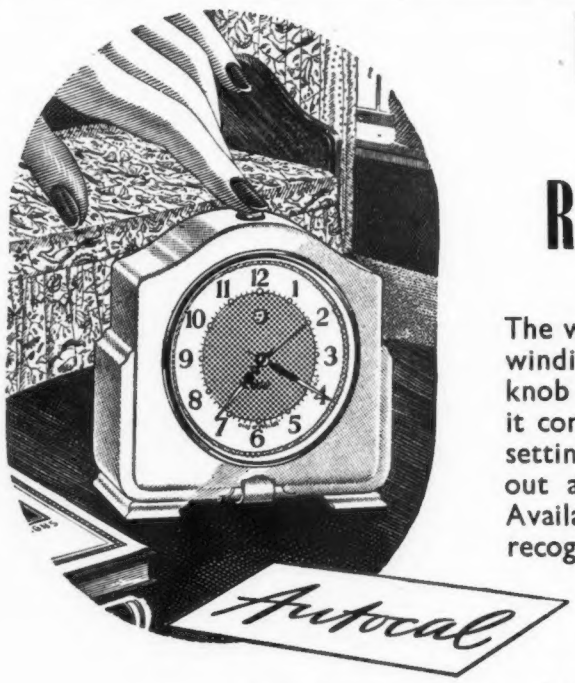

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the Railway" (No. 238) are fine examples of genuine landscape painting.

Claude Monet is well represented and continues to command the greatest respect. So also does Manet who was less devoted to landscape for its own sake. Renoir's heart was in figure painting and his colour, uncomfortably lush in landscape, becomes delicious when he is concerned to depict the figure, draped or undraped.

Van Gogh, of the Post Impressionists, is curiously neglected. One canvas alone, and that by no means one of his best, is a meagre allowance for a painter whose landscapes are unsurpassed for intensity of feeling as well as for their lyrical quality. There are doubtless excellent practical reasons for this poor showing but it leaves a gap in this period of French painting which is not compensated for by the recent Exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery.

Of later painters, described in the catalogue as "Naturalists" my favourite is without question Boudin. The group of his work at Burlington House, and particularly the little canvas "View at Antwerp" (No. 348), proclaims his mastery of the subdued colour and fugitive effects of the more Northerly landscape. His figures and shipping are always subordinated in the composition and possess that inevitability which smells of the fresh air and not of the tired atmosphere of the studio. He is undoubtedly a great little Master.

And what of Cezanne, the Post Impressionist who has had more influence on modern art than any painter, living or dead, and not excepting Picasso? This serious and devoted man battled with lack of skill and strove painfully to impose upon Nature an order which she tends to ignore. His scientific approach to painting, his insistence on construction as against content, still survive in some schools but his canvases leave at least one beholder with a sense of the frustration he felt, for all his burning belief in himself. Even when, as M. Dorival notes, he "recovered in his old age the lyricism of his youth . . . he did not enter the Promised Land". At Burlington House the Cezannes, in spite of the intensity of their searching, do not sing as many neighbouring canvases do.

There is in the air to-day a feeling that in Landscape, as in other branches of Art, we have passed the climacteric. In his recently published *Landscape into Art*, Sir Kenneth Clark suggests the reasons which make this opinion plausible, though he himself does not share it. The view that landscape painting has no future is surely absurdly defeatist. It is in line with much current thought on all manner of subjects, social, political and æsthetic. It is hard to believe that even in an age of mass production, pre-fabrication and totalitarianism the mind of man will cease to wonder at the beauty of this temporarily troubled world and that there will be wanting men prepared to devote themselves to communicating that wonder in paint or in words to others less articulate. Abstract patterns on canvas or in print will never satisfy the thirsty soul of man.

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